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SELECTED TALES.

LAME FOR LIFE:
OR, LESLIE PIERPOINT.

A Tale in Two Parts.

BY PROFESSOR J. H. INGRAHAM.

"Is health returnless? Never more may I
Throw by the staff on which, alas! I lean?
Is the woof woven of my destiny?
Shall I be ne'er again what I have been?
And must the bodily anguish be combined
With the intenseness of the anxious mind?"
F. W. THOMAS.

If the reader will take the trouble to look in the revised edition of the Philadelphia Directory for the year 1838, he will find recorded the name of

"Leslie Pierpoint, Gent. House No. two....seven South Sixth Street.

At the period of which we write this was the residence of this distinguished party to our story, and still would have been but for the simple incident that has led us to write it.

It was on a cold bleak evening, late in the autumn of that year, that Major Pierpoint (for he had once borne a commission in the national Guards—so he loved proudly to designate the militia) was seated before his cheerful grate, with the crimson curtains warmly drawn over the closed shutters. The room was partly library and partly sitting room. Rich cases filled with costly volumes adorned two of its sides, while lounges and one or two luxurious patent easy chairs occupied the other. The floor was covered with a thick Wilton carpet that returned no sound to the foot-fall, and a hearth-rug of Turkish fabric lay before the fire in the rich fleece of which the slippered feet of Mr Leslie Pierpoint were half buried. The whole apartment wore an air of comfort and elegant ease, combined with that cheerful warmth and inviting repose which are so delightful of a wintery night. There was a large round table near the centre of the room, strewed with books, magazines, pamphlets, opened letters, &c. &c. In the midst of it stood a tall bronzed lamp that shed a soft clear light over all. The table turned upon a pivot so that Mr Pierpoint, without moving from the comfortable arm-chair in which he was reposing, wrapped in his brilliant Chinese *robe de chambre*, (a present from his particular friend, Mr Dunn) could revolve it by the slightest touch and bring within his reach any book or paper lying on the side opposite to his chair. Mr Pierpoint was a wealthy bachelor, and, therefore, was an epicure in luxuries of this description.—Bachelors, having nothing else to do but to make themselves comfortable, can carry these little personal conveniences to their perfection. Having said that Mr Leslie Pierpoint was a bachelor, it becomes us to explain how he came to be a bachelor. He possessed a handsome person and an ample fortune—was not only well-born, but a gentleman by education and cultivated tastes—and even at this period of his life, when forty-one years had passed over his head, a child might have numbered the gray hairs mingled with the fine brown locks that shaded his noble forehead. Why, then, was Leslie Pierpoint a bachelor? Let us go back twenty years, and inquire of by-gone days.

It is the year 1818. One of the most stately mansions in Third Street, then one of the most aristocratic portions of Philadelphia, is brilliantly lighted. Its gorgeous rooms are thronged by the beauty and chivalry of the city. We mingle with them, also, dazzled by the flash of jeweled brows, bewildered by the beauty of the wearers, confounded by the music and moving forms, entranced, intoxicated by the whole scene of enchantment! Let us retire a little to the silence and shade of this verandah, where the moon finds its way to the marble floor through trellised vines, and where the music and the sound of dancers' feet reach but faintly the ear. There are others here besides us who have quitted the gay scene to seek refreshment of spirits in the quiet night breeze and in the calm light of the moon. Hither approach us, leaning on each other, arm fondly linked in arm, a noble pair.—How stately his carriage, yet how tenderly he bends till his lips breathe upon the cheek of the fair creature he whispers to! They pause in the shadow of the thick vines! Her eyes meet his upturned and swimming with tenderness,—his arm glides around her waist—she is pressed to his manly breast, and their lips meet!—It is but for an instant—a footstep is heard—and they move on again arm in arm.—His lips bend over her willing ear as they slowly promenade the verandah. She suddenly starts, and with her face receding a little from his, says, in an earnest manner:

"Indeed, Leslie, you wrong me. Nothing could change my love for you!"

"But, yet, there are circumstances which *might* transpire, and which might lead you to withdraw your affection, dear Clara."

"No, no! nothing on earth. I feel I shall love you while I have a heart to love. Dear, *dearest* Leslie, how can you doubt me!"

"I do not doubt you, dear Clara," he said laughing and lifting her hand to his lips. "God knows," he earnestly added, "I should be miserable to doubt where all my hopes of happiness are centered."

"Indeed, you should not—you ought not! What should I gain, Leslie, by transferring my love to another? Certainly not a nobler person, a finer face, a better fortune (if I may name this) a kindlier heart, or better temper. Believe me, dear Leslie, when I say you are the handsomest man I ever beheld, so that no higher degree of personal beauty could lead me from you!"

"You are a silly flatterer, child, and I half believe, fell in love with me because you thought me the handsomest man you ever beheld!"

"Now you are mocking me, Leslie. But I will confess that the first time I saw you promenading the ball rooms at the ——— Assemblies with Miss P——— on your arm, I was struck with your stately and elegant walk. I had not seen your face, but followed you with my eye till you turned and, and—"

"Met your gaze full fixed upon mine!—That was not the first time *you* had attracted my attention that evening, Clara. I had observed you on my first entrance, and my heart from that instant became yours."

Leslie Pierpoint presseed her to his heart as he spoke.

"It shall ever be yours, dearest Leslie," was the softly whispered response of the blushing girl; "nothing would turn my love from you."

"Thank you for the pledge, dearest—I believe you. Come let us return into the rooms—our absence will be remarked."

After Leslie had plucked a "Forget-me-not" and placed it in her hair, the lovers slowly returned from the verandah.

A few weeks passed, and Leslie Pierpoint had prevailed on the blushing Clara to name the day when she would redeem her pledge given in the verandah, and become wholly and irrevocably his own.—It was now at hand, and Leslie counted the hours which envious Time thrust between him and his anticipated bliss. Leslie loved the chosen bride of his bosom with the most impassioned ardor. His whole heart was involved in his affection, and he had so given himself up to his passion that any revulsion promised to make him miserable. The beautiful Clara Clayton, on her part, was deeply enamored of Leslie, but it was rather with his handsome person than with his mind; for of his fortune she thought little, being equally wealthy. She was a gay, haughty, spoiled beauty, with not half heart enough to measure Leslie's broad love, nor half mind enough to penetrate the superior powers of his intellect. But if they married, they were both likely to be happy so long as one retained her loveliness and the bewitching smile and flashing dark eyes that had captured Leslie, and the other the elegant form, air and gait which had first inspired Clara with an interest in him.

The week preceding his wedding day Leslie was commissioned a Major of Militia, and the following day he turned out for review with the battalion to which his regiment was attached. He had purchased a high spirited horse for this occasion, and had but twice mounted him previous to his appearance on parade; and though the animal evinced an indomitable spirit, and had once proven nearly unmanageable, yet these traits were regarded by the youthful officer rather as recommendations for the military service for which he destined him than as serious objections.—He was moreover, a finished horseman, and well knew he could so control the fiery animal's impatient action as to render it subservient to a more masterly display of his own horsemanship.

On the day of parade, therefore, Leslie Pierpoint made his appearance on the field, the best mounted officer in the battalion. His steed, as he pranced along, seemed to beat the air rather than the earth, so lightly he moved over the ground, so daintily he bent his slight yielding fetlocks to his rider's weight.

"Ah, Major, a beautiful creature you have there," said General ———, whose aid-de-camp Leslie was that day; "you outshine us all. What an eye! Will he stand fire?"

"I have not tried him, General. But a horse of his blood has no fear in him. He can never be taken by surprise."

"Do not trust him! See!" and the General suddenly flashed his sword before his eyes.

The animal moved not from the statue-like attitude in which Leslie had reined him up beside the General.

"Very well. He may do; but I advise you, Major Leslie, to be upon your guard during the day, I don't much like the beast's eye. It looks devilish."

"I have no fears, General; let him do his worst," answered Leslie laughing, and in a moment afterwards he galloped along the line to execute an order.

During the parade the beautiful steed behaved admirably, and elicited, by the grace and swiftness of his movements, the universal admiration of every eye. At length the firing by platoon commenced. At the first discharge, he leaped bodily into the air with his rider and lit upon the ground twenty feet distant; and Leslie's superior horsemanship only saved him from being throw to the earth. He now sat more firmly and watched him with hand and eye. But the successive discharges of musketry, even by companies, had no further effect upon the animal, save that there was a wider dilation of the pupil of the eye and a quick erect movement of his delicately shaped ears. This favorable change not only put Leslie off his guard but made him so self confident that he resolved to ride up to a park of artillery about to be discharged, gaily betting with General ———, as he triumphantly rode past this officer, that he would not flinch even at that.

"*Nous verrons*, Leslie," said the General. "Do not be too confident."

With the reckless impetuosity of youth, and desirous of defaming the character of his favorite horse from his military friend's aspersions, Leslie spurred onward to the point. He drew up in the rear, within a few pieces of the ordinance, and awaited their signal for their discharge.—There were eight pieces of cannon and they were to be fired in rapid succession. At the first sharp, loud report, the animal sprung, with a mad leap, directly among the echoing artillery. Maddened by the reiterated peals, he dashed, with the most terrific bounds, across the line of fire and within a few feet of the muzzles of the pieces. At the discharge of the last piece he became so terrified that he threw himself headlong upon the earth and bit and pawed the ground with fury. Major Leslie, who had maintained his seat with perfect skill and coolness, fell beneath him and received his whole weight upon one of his legs and his left aside. Instantly the animal ceased his struggles, and when those who hastened to Major Leslie's assistance arrived on the spot, they discovered that the horse had broken a blood vessel and was fast bleeding to death. Leslie himself, though silent, was pale from suffering.

On extricating him, it was painfully apparent that his leg was not only broken but that his knee was crushed. He was immediately removed to his mother's residence and the most distinguished surgical skill called in to his relief. But for many days he lay upon a bed of anguish during which, Clara, joyfully embracing the sweet privileges of a betrothed bride, watched over him like some angelic messenger of health and peace. At length he was able to change his recumbent posture for an easy chair; but it was many weeks before he left it to attempt to walk about the chamber. The first time he did so it was was with Dr M—— on one side and Clara on the other. It was a painful effort, but two or three turns about the room were accomplished with less difficulty than had been apprehended. He walked very, very lame it is true, but that was to be expected.

"He will soon get to his feet again as well as ever, won't he, doctor?" asked Clara, partly to assure her own anxiety and partly to relieve the foreboding of poor Leslie, who, by the expression of his face, she saw, believed he should be lame for life.

The Doctor looked at Leslie, shook his head sadly and said,

"He will no doubt walk well enough in a few weeks, Miss Clayton. But then that won't make much difference," he added, smiling, "since he has no more conquests to make. If you should be lame, Major, you must regard it a fortunate thing to have secured so fair a bride while possessing all your natural attractions of person."

"My God, Doctor! you talk as if you thought there was some possibility that I might be lame for life. Do tell me if this lameness I now have proceeds from physical weakness or from imperfection in the limb?".

"It is cruel to deceive you, my dear Major, though painful to tell the truth," said the Doctor, after a pause which did honor to his heart; "your leg was broken in several places, producing an exceedingly difficult compound fracture. It is improbable though not impossible that the parts should ever perfectly re-unite. I fear, therefore, you must bring both religion and philosophy to your aid, and try to endure it cheerfully. This fair being who has so assiduously nursed by your pillow will help you to bear it."

Leslie did not look up in the doctor's face while he spoke. His head had fallen upon the arm of his chair, and there, with his face buried in his hands, he lay still several minutes after he had ceased to speak. His chest heaved with suppressed emotion, some deep o'er-mastering feeling. At length he groaned heavily and looked up with a faint attempt to smile.

"This is a hard lot, Doctor, but I must attempt to bear it as well as I can. I am not unprepared for this announcement. I have apprehended it myself from the severe character of the injury I received."

"You will not find it difficult, Maj. Leslie," said the physician, with sympathy in his tone, to endure even lameness. Your mind, by several weeks previous illness, is prepared to submit to still greater suffering if necessary. In illness we bear things and take things we could not do in health. Nature prepares the body and Heaven the mind for all it meets with on earth. Even death is met calmly and quietly by the invalid exhausted by a lingering illness.—Idea of lameness if presented to you in full health would have shocked you. I dare say you would have unhesitatingly said you preferred death to it."

"I should have said so and thought so," answered Leslie, earnestly.

"But you do not now. On the contrary you have just expressed a cheerful submission to your fate. The same spirit will enable you to endure it with equanimity. Good morning! I will call in and see you once a day till you can ride out."

The kind medical adviser then took his leave, and for a few moments after his departure the lovers remained silent. At length Leslie looked up to seek Clara's face with a smile as if to tell her that he had schooled his spirit to submission, with a smile as if to assure her that so long as he was blessed with her love he cared not for any misfortune that Providence should see fit, in its infinite wisdom, to send.—But Clara saw not the smile nor the beautiful submission expressed on his pale features. Her face was buried in her hands and turned away from him, while the heaving of her form and the sobs that broke from her surcharged heart told how deeply Leslie's misfortune sunk into it.—He was touched by her violent grief, and would have risen to approach her, but was unable to move.

"Clara," he said in a low soothing tone. She made no reply but continued to be wholly absorbed in her affliction.

"Dearest Clara, he again repeated still more tenderly, "come hither and do not give way to grief in this manner. I care not for it; so, if these tears are shed for me, dry them and some and sit by me. I assure you, that I would prefer lameness with your love, to fulness and perfection of limb without it. Come and sit by me and let us converse calmly upon this subject. It will tranquilize both our minds and give us strength and patience to bear, as we should do, an ill seemingly so grievous. In the end it may prove a blessing. You ought not to mourn, for it will ensure to you, as my wife, all my society. I can name two or three brides," he added playfully, "that would thank Heaven for any accident that would break their husband's legs so that it would confine them at home with them. Come, Clara, cheer up!"

To this address from Leslie the lady made no reply save by increased weeping; and his mother entering the chamber at the moment, she embraced the opportunity to excuse herself and hurried from the room without taking her kerchief from her face, or even giving her lover a look or reply.

"Poor Clara," he sighed looking after her, "she feels this affliction most deeply. For myself I could endure it. Books, friends, and, above all, Clara's dear society will make the time pass cheerfully.—She will yet be resigned to it. How strong must be that love which shows itself by such profound and unextinguishable sorrow! Ah, mother! have you seen the Doctor?"

"Yes, dear Leslie," she answered with emotion.

"And he has told you I shall be lame for life?"

"Alas, my dear child, alas! may Heaven give you strength and patience to bear this affliction!"

"It has, dear mother. I am perfectly resigned," he answered calmly.

"God bless you—God be blessed!" and the mother wept in gratitude upon her son's neck.

There was a few moments' silence which the invalid at length broke.

"I could bear this affliction, dearest mother, without a murmur if I stood alone.—But, dear Clara! She weeps as if her heart was breaking. I fear it will be the death of her—she feels so much for me.—I wish you would convince her that I care nothing about it if she will not."

Mrs Pierpont did not reply but shook her head gravely and sighed very heavily.

"What means that sigh, mother?" asked Leslie with surprise and a misgiving of he knew not what.

"Nothing, son. But I fear Clara's tears are devoted rather to the shrine of her own vanity than shed upon the altar of her love."

"How mean you, mother?" demanded Leslie, with heightened color.

"Clara Clayton, dear boy, loves herself more than she loves any body else. I have known Clara from a child. I should never have chosen her as your wife; but you loved her and there was no alternative but acquiescence. Though I approved not, I spoke not, knowing how vain a parent's words are with children in affairs of the heart. Clara is proud that she has captivated the handsomest young man in the town whom all the young ladies were sighing for; but she loves you not, Leslie, as a true woman should love."

"My dear mother, how you wrong the angelic girl! Has she not watched over my sick bed like a sister, yea, like a beloved and loving wife? Has she not sympathized in all my afflictions? Did she not just now quit the chamber overcome by the intensity of her grief? You wrong her, dear mother, indeed you wrong her!"

"I hope I do. Time will determine, my son."

"But why this suspicion? What has Clara done?"

"Nothing. I judge from my knowledge of her character."

"Then you do not know her, and have built your judgment upon a false foundation. Clara is every thing I wish her to be. Send for her mother; I would see her. I will convince you that you are in error respecting her. But should you be right, *I* love *her*, and after we are married, as I mean to be in a few weeks, we shall live very happy together, and in time I shall teach her to love me better than she loves *herself*."

Mrs Pierpont made no answer and left the room to seek the fair subject of their conversation. In a few seconds she returned with a grave look and said that, leaving word with the footman to say to Mr Leslie that she did not feel well, Miss Clayton had ordered the carriage and driven home.

"Poor Clara," said Leslie, with sympathy; "she is herself sick and needs quiet and repose. The painful announcement of this morning has shocked her nerves.—Mother why do you look so pale and sad—so incredulous?"

"I hope Miss Clayton has no other motive in so suddenly departing than indisposition, but, my dear Leslie, I hope she will prove herself all you hope and desire."

"Of that I am sure, dear mother," he answered warmly. "I only grieve that you should have conceived a prejudice against one who is so soon to become my wife and your daughter."

"Let us speak no more on this subject now, Leslie. You need repose."

Mrs Pierpoint then drew the curtains and darkened the room. The invalid threw himself back in his easy chair and soon, yielding to the soothing influence of a soft twilight in his chamber, sunk into a refreshing sleep.

Clara Clayton sprung from the carriage as it drew up at her own door, and, without entering the parlor, hurriedly ascended to her own chamber. Closing the door, she turned the key in the lock, and then with a hand each firmly holding a string of her unloosed hair, and her mantle awry, she paced the room several minutes with a quick, nervous tread. Her brow was set and her face much flushed, and the expression it wore was grief mingled with mortified pride. Yes, Clara Clayton's pride was humbled. She had loved Leslie Pierpoint for his personal beauty—the elegance of his figure, his high-bred air and carriage, his manly tread and distinguished appearance in the street.—These first captivated her fancy, and when at length chance threw them together, his admiration of her, combined with the excellent qualities of his head and heart, inspired her with love—love such as so selfish a person was capable of feeling.—She also felt flattered in the attentions of the handsomest man of the day; and it was with the triumphant reflection of how envious some score of her female rivals would feel that she surrendered her heart (as much as she had, at least,) to the blinded Leslie. So their ill-fared love went on, he loving her with the devotion of idolatry, she loving herself with no whit less self-adoration. The handsome Leslie administered to her vanity! It might have gone on very well, however, even to matrimony, as thousands of other similar attachments have done, *similar* save that the cases are more frequently reversed, and the lover is, instead, the one whose vanity is administered to by the beauty of the lady! But the untoward accident that befel Leslie removed the veil! and often has he blessed his stars for it. A broken leg is, doubtless, a much less affair than a broken manly heart!

Clara Clayton continued to pace her room in vexed and troubled thought.—From what has been said above, the reader will readily divine its complexion!—Suddenly she stopped and clenched her jewelled fingers together and wrung them with a look of pitiable and painful despair.

"Oh, God! lame for life! A *cripple!*—Miserable! miserable that I am! How can I love him now? How can I marry a cripple? Walk Chestnut Street leaning on a lame husband's arm—or, no—worse still, perhaps, he leaning on mine! Think of this morning as he walked the room!—I never saw any body go lamer! It is absolutely shocking! Then how can I dance as he cannot! He will never give nor go to parties! A lame husband! The idea *is absolutely horrid!*"

With this praiseworthy and very sensible utterance of her peculiar feelings on the subject, Miss Clara Clayton threw her bonnet upon the bed, her shawl upon the floor and herself into a chair. For a few seconds she remained silent; at length her thoughts found their proper language.

"Yes, it must be! I will address him a note this very morning, stating plainly my reasons why I wish to withdraw from my engagement with him! He is too generous to refuse me! He will see at once how it would break a high-spirited woman full of youth and beauty to be tied down for life to a sofa and arm-chair—a mere machine to hand him his crutches and night-cap! He is too generous to wish it! I do wish he had not met with this awkward accident. I don't think I could have found a better husband than poor Leslie! But then it is no use to dwell on this, now. I cannot think of marrying him after what has happened, and he can't expect—no one can expect it. I am decided. I will write to him frankly and request him to release me from my engagement."

With this determination, this sweet young lady sat herself down to her escritoire to write poor Leslie's sentence of death—death to confidence in woman!—She bent her graceful head over the gilt-edged note paper, and nibbled her pen several seconds. At length she began to write:—

"*Thursday morning*, 11 *o'clock.*
"*No. 2 Chestnut Street.*
"To Major LESLIE PIERPOINT:—
"SIR:———"

Here she paused and blushed with something like shame.

"No, this is too cold. I will not offend him." And she then took a fair sheet and wrote as follows:—

"To LESLIE PIERPOINT, Esq.:—
"DEAR SIR:———"

This address did not suit her. After a few moment's deliberation she laid a fresh sheet before her and thus commenced, in a free, decided way, as she had fully determined on the mode in which she should communicate her resolutions to him:—

"DEAR LESLIE:
"You must have been surprised, doubtless, at my sudden departure this morning without seeing you. To speak frankly and deal truly with you, Dr M———'s shocking communication, being so wholly unexpected and unprepared for, nearly deprived me of my senses. You are a witness how I was overwhelmed at the horrid announcement! Unable to endure the shock, I hastened home without again seeing you. Since I have been in my own chamber I have been reflecting upon

t this fearful destiny in store for you. Believe me, Leslie,—that I would willingly share it with you if you wished it; but I feel that you are too generous, too noble to desire to involve in your own misery the happiness of any one over whose fate previous circumstances may have given you a certain kind of control! Your own knowledge of the world, of society, will teach you that your recent unhappy misfortune has placed our relation in a new light. My happiness now hangs upon your decision. If you are *really* desirous of urging the ultimate issue of our betrothal, and are willing for your own selfish ends to wreck the happiness of one so young as I am, I must *submit*; but if, as I feel you will be, you are, on the other hand, influenced by those high and generous feelings that distinguish you above all men, and will freely release me from a union which it will henceforward be a species of bondage for me to endure, you will relieve my mind from a painful weight of anxiety and suspense and forever secure the *friendship* of

Yours, sincerely,

CLARA CLAYTON.

The young lady read the letter over carefully once, sealed, directed, and despatched it without giving herself time for tho't. The street door closed upon the footman who bore it.

"It is gone! Leslie! alas, poor Leslie! alas, that Fortune should have driven me to this step! But there was no alternative. No time for delay. If I had still visited him I should have been a hypocrite, and my prolonged absence would have required an explanation. It was necessary that I should write as I have.—How will Leslie receive it?"

While she is fancying how the invalid received it, let us, dear reader, really know how he received it.

He had slept not quite an hour when his sleep was disturbed by the ringing of the street-door bell. Opening his eyes he looked round the chamber and called in a faint gentle voice—

"Clara!"

There was no reply and after waiting an instant he roused himself: "Ah, yes, I had forgotten! She has returned home. Poor gril! I sympathize with her in her overwhelming sympathy for me. So I am to be lame for life! 'Tis a sad, a heavy misfortune! Ah, mother, I am glad you have come in. Please draw aside the curtains and let in the light. It is so gloomy. I have slept well and feel refreshed. Have you heard from Clara?"

"Her footman has just left this note for you, Leslie," said Mrs Pierpoint, putting aside the curtains.

"Give it me, mother."

Leslie hastily broke the seal, opened it, and ere he began to read *pressed his lips* to her name at the close. Have the kindness to turn back and re-read the letter dear reader, with him, that you may enter into Leslie's feelings as he perused it. He read to its close without betraying the least emotion in his expressive face. But when he had come to the end he slowly crushed the letter up in his left hand till the nails of the fingers met through it into the flesh. His teeth became set and his whole face stern and as rigid as marble.—His alarmed mother caught the fearful expression of his fixed eyes and flew to him. He waived her away with a quiet movement of the hand.

"No, no, do not touch me, mother! I am well, very well," he said hoarsely.

"No, dearest child, you are very ill. I will ring for assistance."

"No—give me a pen—ink—paper too!—I would write."

"The doctors have forbidden it."

"But one—one line, dear mother!"

Mrs Pierpoint looked at him a moment with hesitation and then silently obeyed. Not a muscle of Leslie's face moved, but it was pale, very pale, as he took the pen in his fingers. His hand was steady while he wrote the following brief reply:

"*Mr Leslie Pierpoint's compliments to Miss Clayton—he assures her it is far, far from his wish, to place any obstacle in the way of her happiness.*

"*Thursday morning,*
"*No. 27—South Sixth St.*"

He directed and despatched it without a word or look of emotion; and when the servant had left the room he calmly turned to his surprised mother, whose looks were fixed upon him full of anxious inquiry, smiled faintly upon her and said, at the same time offering her Clara's crushed letter,

"Dearest mother, you would ask me what this means? Read this—it will explain—*it is eloquent!* Read it and be so good as never to mention the subject of it to me again."

Mrs Pierpoint perused it in silence and with tears of sorrow and sympathy for him whose manly heart Clara Clayton had crushed as he had crushed the letter. The mother and the son exchanged glances and the letter was folded up and laid aside. From that hour Leslie Pierpoint never breathed the name of Clara, never looked upon a woman but with secret dislike and contempt.

From that day also he began to mend. On a temper such as his his, treachery, like Clara Clayton's, must either be fatally effectual or perfectly harmless. His haughty and contemptuous spirit did the service of coat armor in the protection of his heart. It broke not! It remained whole and manly as ever—but it strengthened itself in its strength against all future approaches of love.

Whether the soundess of Leslie's heart extended itself to his limb or the energy of his proud spirit exerted a commanding influence over the physical body cannot be ascertained; but the fact is clear that he begun rapidly to convalesce from the day he so cavalierly gave Clara her freedom. At the end of three months thereafter, after having gone through the regular course of first two crutches, then a crutch and a cane, and then a single crutch alone, he make his appearance with Dr M. on one side and his only support on the other an ordinary walking stick! Every where he received the congratulations of his friends and rejoiced in them; for he had all along felt a triumphant pride in getting well—a sort of cherished spirit of revenge, though he confessed it not to himself, upon Clara—false, heartless Clara. It is true he walked lame with his cane and the doctor, but every day he grew better, and at length his physicians, contrary to their previous decision, pronounced that the bones of the *leg were properly re-united and that* strength in the limb was only necessary to restore it to its original sound condition. Tenderly and most gingerly did Leslie nurse his leg and humor its kindly temper towards health. Time at length rewarded his care, and at the end of fourteen months from the time he received Clara's letter he walked Chestnut street sound in limb and with "the lofty carriage, distinguished air and noble step" that had captivated the fancy and won the shallow heart of Clara Clayton.

Leslie, however, never again looked upon woman. He believed the sex to be instinctively falsehearted and selfish; he acknowledged no love in her but love of herself, and religiously believed that she married only for self-interest and that she looked upon men only as instruments for the gratification of her vanity. No, he never trusted woman from that time up to the period we have introduced him to the reader seated in his arm-chair in his library with the gentle snows of forty-one winters upon his head.

But time aided by circumstances achieves apparent impossibilities. Leslie Pierpoint possessed a heart that would be a treasure to any woman; and because one had proved traitorous to its noble confidence, Love had resolved that it should not always be locked in the ice of wintar—that its summer should come to it again, its seed time and harvest should return, and fruits and flowers once more boar witness to the moisture and richness of the long barren soil.

But this change, its progress and extraordinary results, will form the theme of a Second Tale.

POPULAR NEWSPAPERS.—What are called the *popular newspapers*—those which boast of 10,000, 20,000, and 30,000 subscribers, and which claim to be devoted to *polite literature*—owe their popularity to the stories they publish. Open almost any one of these papers, and the first thing that meets the eye is a story not much unlike the following, in substance, only a great deal longer in words:—

"Miss Arabella Cinderilla Georgretta Guliemina Clishmanlayer Petweet was the only daughter of fond parents; she was in the early bloom and gay promise of sixteen. She was beautiful beyond the fairest of her sex—beyond all parallel of earthly perfection. Her radiant eyes were like two rival suns in the arch of heaven's firmament; her forehead was as smooth and fair as the seven times polished alabaster; her maidenly cheeks were like two luscious peaches, glowing with a gentle red, inviting and yet shrinking from the kisses of the breeze; her lips were the exact copy and sweet semblance of two delicate slices of ripe water-melons so red and inviting; her teeth were not like those of mortal mouths, so fair, so white—they were evidently made to set off her heavenly countenance, rather than for the gross purpose of mastication; her neck was graceful as the swan's, and smooth and clear as the finest spermaceti candle. But were we to attempt to describe each of her indescribable perfections, we should never have done—suffice it to say, in all personal loveliness she was perfection itself doubly perfected; and her mind every way fitted to adorn so fair a person. Such was Miss Arabella Cinderilla Georgietta Guliomina Clishmaclaver Petweet and yet she was mortal—yes, she was mortal as the mortalest!—How shall we relate the heart-rending tale?—we won't try."

An Irishman who served on board a man-of-war in the capacity of waiter, was selected by one of the officers to haul in a few lines of considerable length, which was towing over one of the taffrails. After hauling in forty or fifty fathoms, which had put his patience severely to proof, as well as every muscle in his arms, he muttered to himself, "Bad manners to me, sir, if I don't think somebody's *cut off the other end of it.*"

The N. Y. Herald says, the women of New York dress more gorgeously than those of any other city in the world. We know ladies who wear shawls worth one thousand dollars, and pocket handkerchiefs worth two hundred and fifty.

PALMER SENTINEL.

Palmer Depot, Oct. 29, 1846.

Read the following Liberal TERMS:

Single Copies $1,25 per annum, *in advance*—$1,75 if not paid in advance.

TO CLUBS we make the following LIBERAL OFFERS:—

5 Copies,	**$6 per Annum.**
10 "	**$10 "**
15 "	**$12 "**
20 "	**$15 "**

Any person procuring five responsible subscribers shall have the sixth gratis, as long as that number holds good.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance.

AGENTS.

The following are our duly authorized Agents. Business done with them is the same as though done at this office:—

A. Edson,	**Holland.**
S. B. Stebbins,	**Ludlow.**
S. F. Pepper,	**Ware.**
D. Russel,	**Dana.**

Agents Wanted!

Four or five *responsible* Young Men are wanted to obtain subscribers for "The Sentinel." Good encouragement given. Any responsible young man in any of the adjoining towns where our paper circulates, wishing to act as Agent in obtaining Subscribers in that town, by writing a line to us, or calling at this office, shall be well paid.

Wood! Wood!!

Wood in *any quantity* taken in exchange for the Sentinel, if brought *soon*.

Arrival of the Caledonia.

FIFTEEN DAYS LATE FROM EUROPE.

From the American Traveller we learn that the Steamship Caledonia, which has been expected for some days, arrived on Tuesday night, Oct. 10th, between 11 and 12 o'clock. She had a rough passage, having encountered a series of westerly gales, which has protracted her passage to over 16 days. The Caledoni brings intelligence of the wreck of the Steamer Great Britain in Dundrum Bay, coast of Ireland. The passengers and crew were saved, but the vessel it is feared will never be fit to cross the ocean again. We gather the following particulars of this unfortunate wreck, from the European Times:

The Great Britain left Liverpool on the morning of the 22d ult., taking one hundred and eighty-five passengers, about six*ty tons of valuable fine goods as freight*, and about the same measurement of passengers' luggage. After clearing the Bell Buoy, she bore away for the Calf of Man. At four or five o'clock in the afternoon the island was distinctly visible on the starboard bow. Shortly after it set in to rain, and the wind increased, the ship making excellent progress. Night then closed in, dark and wet, and the wind gradually freshened into a half gale. The log was repeatedly taken. The weather was thick and foggy, and the ship passed the Calf lights before dark, without being able to distinguish the lighthouse at that station. About half past nine o'clock, the passengers were started by an extraordinary noise on deck, and a cry of "stop her!"—"aground, aground!"—"the breakers, the breakers!"—we are wrecked!"—"oh, we are wrecked!" A general fear prevailed that the ship was in collision with some other vessel; but it was soon found that she had stranded. The night was dark and stormy, the ship beat incessantly upon the sand, the breakers repeatedly breaking over her, and one of the lifeboats was carried from its fastenings on the quarter. Alarms and cries instantly pervaded the ship, and apprehensions were general amongst the passengers that the ship would break up during the night beneath the force of the breakers which constantly burst over her decks. The ship had outsailed her captain's reckoning, and the light on St. John's Point" being mistaken for that of the "Calf of Man," she went ashore at Rathmullin, in Dundrum Bay.

The passengers were all safely landed. Among them were some fifty German dancing children, who were coming to New York on an engagement. The directors have returned to the passengers the money paid for their passages, and expressed the deepest regret for their detention.

The cargo of the steames and her coals had been landed; the ship did not leak badly, and the most strenuous efforts were to be made to heave her off; and it was anticipated that the attempt would be successful if the weather proved favorable.

The causes of this sad disaster are said to be the imperfection of Capt. Hosken's chart of the Irish coast—it having no light on St. John's Point, while almost all other charts have one; and the miscalculation of the Captain in reference to the speed of the Great Britain, she having made several more miles than was supposed.

IRELAND.—The potato crops in England and Ireland, though very short, it is thought will not prove *quite* an entire failure.

The sufferings of the poor in Ireland, and the excitement consequent on these, is represented as very great. The Goverment were making efforts to alleviate the sufferings of the poor, but fearful riots have occurred, and serious collisions have ensued between the military and the starving peasantry. In Dungarvon there was a mob of 10 or 12 thousand, who attacked the merchants' stores, and were driven off only by the dragoons firing on them.

The O'Connell and Young Ireland parties continue to quarrel in reference to the best method of bringing about a Repeal of the Union.

FRANCE.—Public attention is fixed on the marriage between the Duc de Montpensier and the Princess Luisa of Spain, and on the consequences arising therefrom; to the exclusion of all other subjects. The interest this affair has created has been intense, and is still by no means subsided. The newspapers have been filled with it; the Bourse has been convulsed by it; the conversation of every circle has been about it. The known and decided hostility of the English Government to a union which may lead to the placing of the descendant of the King of the French on the throne of Spain, has caused a dread of the possible interruption of the friendly relations between England and France, perhaps of war between the two countries.

GERMANY.—In consequence of the scarcity of the last harvest, large orders have been sent out to the United States for different descriptions of grain. Some charitable private individuals at Cologne, and other large towns, have sent for grain on their own account, with the intention of distributing it at the cost price.

Government has determined to have no more iron steamers built. It is alleged that they become foul much sooner, and are more exposed to damage from shots, than the wooden.

The senate of the free city, Frankfort, has just published a proclamation, allowing the importation of corn duty free into the territory of the republic.

Ten thousand Russian Jews are expected to arrive in the Holy land to settle there. This number will add about a third to the present Jewish population in Syria and Palestine.

The statue of O'Connell, by Hogan, has arrived in Dublin from Rome. It is upwards of 3 feet high.

The "full priced" bakers in the metropolis have advanced the price of the 4th loaf at 8 1-2d, an advance of 1-2d.

The New York packet ship Prince Albert, left St. Katharine's dock on the 22d ult., having on board upwards of 600 bottles of quicksilver.

The new bridge of wrought iron to be erected at Menai, will be supported on four piers; the distance between the central piers will be 450 feet.

Thomas Clarkson, Esq., of Playford Hall, Suffolk, died on the 16th ult., aged 86.

CHURCH.—We understand, that the adjourned meeting of the citizens of this place, on Tuesday last, agreed to build a church on the stock principle. The books for subscribing stock are already opened, and $1050 of the stock already taken up.—The probability is that all the stock will be immediately taken up, and the contracts for building made, and the work commenced forthwith. The stock is divided into shares of $25 each.

RAIN.—It commenced raining here last Wednesday morning and continued through the day. It is just what is wanted in this place, as it is remarkably dry, more so than ever was known before even by the "oldest inhabitant." Almost all the wells and springs are exhausted, so much so that it is very difficult to get water even for necessary use.

FIRE.—In Suffield, Conn., the house of Simon Douglass was destroyed by fire, on Sunday morning last, with all its contents. A boy 14 years old perished in the flames. Douglass of Hartford, was asleep in the house, and just escaped with his life—not having time to put on his clothes. He lost $500 in bills which were in his coat pocket. It is supposed to be the work of an incendiary. Loss of property in house and contents about $3000. It was insured at the Hartford Mutual office for $800.

OHIO.—The election in this State is not altogether certain, but is supposed there will be a whig majority in both branches of the Legislature. For Congress there are 12 Whig members elected, 8 democrats and 1 Independent.

FARE RAISED.—The fare between Hartford and Springfield by railroad, has been raised to one dollar, on account of the extra expense in crossing the river since the loss of the bridge.

It is said that Ampudia, before signing the articles of capitulation of Monterey, held the pen in his hand for fifteen minutes, during which time big drops of sweat rolled off his brow.

MAINE.—On Monday last, there was another trial had for State Representatives, which resulted in no choice.

The Governors of Pennsylvania and Rhode Island, have appointed the 26th of November, for Thanksgiving Day in their States.

LOVE LETTERS.—In another column will be found the correspondence, which took place between Mrs Myers and Hoyt. These letters eclipse all the love-letters we have ever seen, either in print or in writing. They deserve a place in the "Complete Letter Writer." We think those of the lady are rather more loving, if anything, than those of Hoyt. No romance we have ever read shows such riotus madness of unhallowed passion as these letters exhibit. The lady was more of a sinner than sinned against, we think all will admit.

IMPROVED YOKE FOR OXEN.—This yoke is constructed with sliding blocks attached to the under side of the beam of the yoke, near each end, and each sliding block is attached to the beam by bolts which pass through mortices so that the blocks may be made to slide occasionally to the right or left. To these blocks are attached the bows, the position of which are adjusted by guage screws; and by the sliding of the blocks, the distance of the oxen from each other may be regulated. The middle of the yoke is furnished with a draught staple or eye-bolt, which is moveable and regulated by a hand screw at the top, whereby the pitch of the draught is regulated.—*Scientific American.*

THE OLD LADY.—My boy, cease laughing at that old lady. It is age that makes her bend over. Sixty years ago, when she was as young as you, she was as straight and as spry; now she is infirm and ripe for the grave. Your mother, my lad, in a few years may be as decrepid as this old lady, and will you laugh at her appearance? This woman has sons who loves her as you love your mother. What would be your feelings to see your parent ridiculed as she passed thro' the streets? Think, and cease your laughter. You too may be old and infirm. You may totter and bend through the streets. Remember this, and never again make sport of the aged and infirm. If there are persons we should respect more than others, they are those whose days are nearly ended; whose shadows are lengthened for the tomb.—*Mass. Cataract.*

NEWSPAPERS.—A newspaper taken in a family seems to shed a gleam of intelligence around. It gives the children a taste for reading; it communicates all the important events in the busy world; it is a never-failing source of amusement, and furnishes a fund of instruction which will never be exhausted. Every family, however poor, if they wish to hold a place in the rank of human beings, should take at least one newspaper. And the man who possessed of property sufficient to make himself easy for life, surrounded by children eager for knowledge, is instigated by the vile spirit of cupidity, and neglects to subscribe to a newspaper, is deficient in the duties of a parent or good citizen, and is deserving of the censure of his intelligent neighbors.—*Old Paper.*

VERACITY.—In all your intercourse with the world, strict veracity will gain respect, while prevarication, and falsehood are despised. Let a strict regard for truth be a characteristic of your minds, and rest assured, under whatever circumstances you may be placed, that truth is powerful, and will ultimately prevail. It stands in bold relief, the child of Heaven, and is, when unadorned adorned the most. Be candid in your deliberations, and ever bear in mind that "honesty is the best policy."—Let your operations always be founded upon truth, and you need not fear the frowns of virtue, for you will remember that veracity is one of the gems in her crown, and one that gives permanency and beauty to the others.

WOMAN IN SICKNESS.—What sight is more agreeable than a woman around the couch of pain—wiping the sweat off the brow and administering to the wants of the sick? Like an angel of mercy she watches unwearied, and never leaves the sufferer, while her presence can bless and her words can cheer. It may be a father or son over whom she bends, or a stranger who has left a mother or kind sisters beyond the seas. She watches every motion—hears every breath. With such care the bed of sickness loses half its pains and hope continually swells in the bosom. —*Ex. Paper.*

FROM MEXICO.—We are at length in receipt of our back mails from New Orleans. There had been no later intelligence from the seat of war, but the Picayune publishes the important fact, that Gen. Almonte has been appointed President of Mexico *ad intermin*, and Gen. Santa Anna Generalisimo of the armies of Mexico; and further, that Santa Anna was then engaged in organising troops, intending to take the field in person in the North. This information was received via Matamoras, and is undoubtedly correct.—*N. Y. Eve. Mirror.*

EFFECTS OF PROMOTION.—In a western county, a miserable drunken loafer was elected to the office of Justice of the Peace, for the fun of it. He immediately became temperate and industrious, dressed himself in good style, and discharged the duties of the office in a respectable manner.

MONEY-MAKING IN NEW YORK.—We extract from the letter of the New York correspondent of the Charleston News.—He seems to think it is easy to make a fortune in New York if one only knew the right way to go about it.

In a city so large as New York, it needs but tact and perseverance in any ordinary pursuit, to make a fortune. I could give an hundred instances of this. The more common the pursuit the better—the more out of the usual track, the less likely is one to succeed.

I buy every five days a pound of ground coffee, which is usually weighed out to me by the younger of two brothers, grocers, whose property, made by retailing groceries, is estimated at nearly a million. Both are young men still, and the eldest is now making the tour of Europe, in the most luxurious style.

Here, in Ann street, is a man who drives his fast horses, takes his box at the opera, and can count you his hundred thousand, by keeping an eating house—where you can dine for a York shilling, and take breakfast for nine cents. A few steps off, is a man who has his houses and lots up town, and is probably worth $200,000, all made by selling medicated lozenges in four or five years.

A printer, near the head of Ann street, who has turned his attention to publishing cheap books, is making, this year, $20,000.

Our Mayor, worth half a million, owes it all to fine cut tobacco at three cents a paper.

The author of Tom Stapleton, an ingenious Irishman, has made perhaps twenty thousand dollars, chiefly by the publication of translations of the novels of Paul de Kock. He boasts that he is the only penny-a-liner in New York, that lives in his own house, and is supported by his rents.

I might add to these examples that of Moses Y. Beach, whose property, made by a penny paper, is more likely over than under half a million of dollars.

NOT SO BAD.—We were told a few days since, the following piece of "skinning," as it was called, and which was rather too good to be lost, showing at the same time the desperate straits of a certain class of gentlemen are put to in making a raise.—A well known "case," who was hard up for money, meeting a brother chip in the street, told him he would give him a dollar if he would walk across the street, go into the front door of the hotel opposite, and in walking in be very lame in his *right* leg, but come out in a few moments and be lame in the *left* leg. Without asking why or wherefore, the fellow did as requested, and the "skinner going up to a gentleman, remarked to him how lame that man was in the *left* leg, who was just going into the hotel. The gentleman said he was not lame in his left, but in his right leg, which the other insisted was not the case. But to settle the matter, the skinner immediately proposed a bet of $10 that the man was lame in his left leg, which the gentleman accordingly took up. The money was posted, and in a few moments out came the fellow, so desperately lame in his *left* leg that he could scarcely get down the steps of the hotel, and of course the money was lost by the gentleman, who could scarcely believe his own eyesight, for although the man came out lame in the left, he was perfectly certain that he went in lame in the right leg, but at the same time he never imagined any collusion between the parties. We have heard of many ways to make a raise, but this gets a little ahead of all.—*Balt. Clip.*

LATEST FROM OREGON.—Mr Bonney, of Oxford, Ohio, has arrived in town. He left Oregon on the 13th May, and represents the people there as being prosperous and generally well satisfied with their new homes. The elections were to take place in June, for members of the Legislature of Oregon. Considerable interest was felt as to the result, the great question at issue being as to whether the sale of ardent spirits should be permitted in the territory or not. Mr B. says the emigrants he met were generally healthy and in good spirits, and their teams looking well. He met five hundred wagons on his route in. Some were going to Oregon and some to California. The emigrants to the points had separated at Independence Rock on on the 12th July last. Gov. Boggs went to Oregon in consequence of the Mormon emigration to California. Mr Bonney was robbed on his way in by the Indians, of his horses, provisions and clothing, and travelled about seventy-five miles on foot and alone.—*Independence, Mo. Expositor.*

A SHOWER OF BILLS.—As the crowd in Paris lately were hastening to dinner, or between five and six o'clock, a veritable shower of bank notes of 1000 and 500 francs each, fell upon the heads and at the feet of the promenaders of the place Vendome. A sudden gust of wind had emptied a bureau in one of the rich hotels in this magnificent place and scattered its contents in the street. Almost all the bills were miraculously collected and restored by the people. Two notes, one of 1000 francs and one 5000 had been carried upon the roofs of the houses, which two chimney sweepers who happened to be at hand secured and thus completed the sum lost—123,500 francs.

We have received no later news from the Army since last week.

THE RICHMOND TRAGEDY.—The late tragedy at Richmond, Va. says the Springfield Republican, in which Mr Dudley M. Hoyt was shot by Mr Wm. R. Myers, for improper intercourse with his wife, assumes more and more a painful character, as the facts which led to its occurrence are gradually developed. Few occurrences of a private nature have excited so great and general interest as this seems to have done. The parties were all of good standing in society—were wealthy, and the guilty pair themselves had, until the denouement of this matter, borne a high character, in every respect. Mr Hoyt died from his wounds about a week after being shot, persisting to the last, that however imprudent he had been, and however much circumstances might appear against him, he was guiltless of any criminal intercourse. Wm. R. Myers, the husband, and Samuel S. Myers and Wm. S. Burr, have been arrested and were on examination at our last accounts, for the murder of Hoyt—the first as principal, and the others as accessories. Among the evidence in the defence was that of the father of Mrs Myers, who testified that he first intercepted a letter from Hoyt to her, in June last; that its character was very improper; that he went to see him about it, and told him that if he did not at once and entirely desist from such intercourse with his daughter, a married woman, that he would have revenge—intimating that he should kill him. Hoyt promised obedience to his wishes, but failed to fulfil them, and blindly persisted in his evil course, till he was suddenly arrested by his death at the hands of the injured husband. Several intercepted letters—one from Hoyt to Mrs Myers, and three from her to him—were given in before the Court, and are published. They are long, and on both sides breathe the warmest and most passionate feelings towards one another.—Mrs Myers appears not to have been happy in her domestic relations; and her conduct, in utter disregard of all the obligations of virtue and womanhood, stamps her as at least equal in guilt with her seducer.

As a specimen of the correspondence, which was carried on between the parties, we extract the following from Hoyt's letter to her—the letter which was intercepted by Maj. Pollard, her father:—

"Thursday evening, 18th June.

My Dearly Loved Virginia—While lying on my couch, where I have been for some two hours thinking of thee, much to my surprise and delight your dear, sweet letter of the 13th inst., was handed me.—Little did I think, while having sweet thoughts of thee, I should so soon have words before me traced by thy loved hand fresh from thy heart; and you may well imagine what pleasure the surprise of the receipt of your loved letter gave me.

* * * * *

Your loved letter tells me we are soon to meet again, and happy will be that moment, when I can again look on that sweet face and press to *these* thy ruby lips; and oh! that when we do meet, we could remain together, never to be separated.—You ask how I can refuse to make you happy? You well know, dearest Virginia, how anxious I am to make you a happy woman, and I would willingly give my life to accomplish it, would that but do it. You can but know that it is not an easy matter to accomplish all we wish. When we meet we will have a long talk on this subject, so necessary to our mutual happiness. Loved one, how can you fancy that I think you would not be kind to me—kind to me! you could not be otherwise; this I am satisfied of, Virginia; and, Virginia, there is not an hour that I do not wish what we have so long been anxious for, could be brought about. Reflect on my conduct, does it not prove this? You well know it does; *you must know it.*—Continually am I wishing you were mine, mine alone. My whole thoughts are to accomplish this, dear love; this subject is *never* out of my mind, and never shall be till thy happiness is complete. I know, my loved one, I could make you happy at once; but in doing this I am anxious that everything should be so arranged that this happiness should continue. You have had sorrow enough, darling, and in making a change, I want all to be sunshine, no clouds or dark spots before you. Do you not agree with me that this would be best, love? Soon we will talk this all over, and you will be satisfied that I am anxious to make you *perfectly happy.*

"Please remember me most kindly to your dear sister. Give me one dear, sweet, long kiss, in *imagination, and believe me yours, most truly and sincerely.*"

From Mrs Myers' letters, which are far more amatory than the above specimen of his, the following are extracts:—

"Darling one, are you not GLAD you HAVE TOLD ME YOU LOVE ME—because, it has made me so happy. Dearest, you will never regret telling me THIS, for I am NOT THE BEING TO TAKE ADVANTAGE of so holy a feeling as thy affection. Sweet one, you know I am yours so wholly, so entirely, that even *my very* THOUGHTS *in sleep are* YOURS—and I, loving thee as I do, *I* to take advantage of thy love? Oh! IMPOSSIBLE, IMPOSSIBLE. Dearest, how I do ADORE thee, for what you promised me; that in me you would have unbounded confidence, that you would ALWAYS tell me, when you thought I was acting wrong; that you would speak with me truly and without the least reserve, just as you would were I your wife; and believed you should do so, for in the deep and trusting love of this heart I am *your wife*—mine angel how kind in you to say you will treat me with such confidence, and oh! do I not appreciate it?"

* * * * *

"On Monday, my loved one, I am going to Mrs C——'s, as Mr M—— leaves that morning, I shall be at the Exchange Monday, at 12 o'clock. So dearest, you be sitting in the parlor, and that will be better, for it will look as if we meet by *accident.* I feel rather unpleasantly at being here alone; but I shall trust to you, darling, to make the time pass happily, and you will do so, won't you love? Love I shall have thy dear note. Oh! how I will kiss it.—Would that you might see me, when I receive it. I will tell you what you would say—*how she does love me!* Dearest, once more, I must tell you how happy that blessed promise has made! When I think of the sweet confidence which is hereafter to unite us, I am *too* happy. Love you for those words? Oh, dearest, I do worship you, adore you, for them—they *are my salvation!* A thousand kisses, you dear *sweet angel of mine!*—Dearest love, fearing to keep your servant waiting, I have but one moment to kiss you for your darling note. You are too kind to me—are you not, love? No, no! not *too kind*—for oh! I love you so *dearly.* Monday, at 12 o'clock, *I will kiss you twenty times* for this sweet note—but won't you get tired of *so many?* Say, dearest? To-morrow, remember, you promised to be at church.—'Twill be such joy just to look on thee—and then one dear glance—how heavenly 'twill be! Come, dear love, do come!—Kiss me, you dear darling, and always love me, as your own, pure devoted,

VIRGINIA."

* * * * *

"Dearest, you know I am ready—nay, impatient to give up the whole world for you. Oh, God! that you would consent to this—that you would make me the *happiest of women.* Oh! did you ever consider how happy we could be together—every hour winged with love—I ever near thee as thy worshipping and adoring Virginia, anticipating every wish—lavishing on thee every devotion—clasping thee in these arms, and breathing to thee these sweet words:—Treasured darling of my soul, thy Virginia is happy—oh how happy. She is thine, and no power can take her from thee. She has given up all for thee *without regret.* She would not leave thee for all the world could offer. She loves thee, and she is happy—happy. My God, dearest, when I think what happiness is in our grasp. Oh! how can you hesitate? Did you love like me you could not. But this subject kills me. I cannot suffer myself even to think of it. *Oh! it is distraction,* agony, to think how happy I might be—how miserable I am. But, no dearest, I do not blame you—I only wish you could *think differently.*"

A humorous fellow, a carpenter, being summoned as a witness on a trial for an assualt, one of the counsel, who was very much given to browbeat the evidence, asked him what distance he was standing from the parties when he saw the defendant strike the plaintiff? The carpenter replied, "Just five feet four inches and a half." "Pray thee, fellow," said the counsel, "how is it possible you can be so exact as to the distance?" "I thought," said the carpenter, "that *some fool or other might ask me,* so I measured it."

BEAT THIS WHO CAN.—An old lady of this town, more than *eighty* years of age, recently piled up three cords of Eastern wood between the hours of 7 and 9 in the evening. There are many able bodied young men who would consider such an exploit not a very easy task.—*Danvers Courier.*

A man being capitally convicted at the Old Baily, was as usual, asked what he had to say why judgment should not be pronounced against him. "Say," replied he, "why I think the joke has been carried far enough already, and the less is said about it the better. If you please, sir, *we'll drop the question.*

SCOTT'S WEEKLY PAPER.—We acknowledge the receipt of this paper, for which the publisher has our thanks. It is published weekly in Philadephia, No. 115 Chestnut Street, for the extremely low price of *one dollar and twenty-five cents* in advance. It is devoted to Literature, Arts, News, &c. &c. One number is well worthe whole subscription price for the year. In taste, ability, and judicious management it is unecliped by any paper of the kind extant. See Prospectus.

ELECTION—one week from next Monday.

To George E. Stanton—

Bedford, Sept. 4, 1845.

SIR—Some time since I over heated myself in working, and in a short time the calf of my leg broke out in pimples, which by scratching soon became fever sores of the worst description. The irritation and swelling was so great that I could not rest day or night; I used but one bottle of your Liniment, and I am now entirely well. I was also affected by a swelling in my groin from the same causes, and the application of the Liniment relieved me at once, and I most confidently recommend it to the public as an invaluable remedy.

RICHARD MOSHER.

The Liniment is sold by

D. F. McGILVRAY.

Boston, Sept. 10, 1845.

TO THE SICK AND AFFICTED.

Dear Sir,—I take pleasure in communicating through, to all whom it may concern, and the public generally, the astonishing effect your truly wonderful medicine has had upon me. I have enjoyed perfect health for four or five years. Physicians told me my liver was diseased, and that I might some day die with consumption. Last September, 1845, I took a slight cold, which produced a hacking cough; this continued until February, 1845, when I added another cold; my cough increased, I soon lost my appetite, and my strength failed. For six weeks I could not lie upon one side; I sweat very much nights, raised considerable blood during the winter, and could not speak a loud word for two weeks. With all these bad symptoms, I had very severe pain in my side and between my shoulders; general debility followed. I was confined to my room about eight weeks. I had buried a sister and brother, both died with Consumption. I expected to die myself; my friends also despaired of my life. At this time an uncle, who had been benefitted himself, advised me to take

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

I accordingly procured a bottle, took it, and felt some better; obtained another, and a third; then I ceased to bleed and my cough was much better;—but my disease was so deeply rooted, I was obliged to continue taking the Balsam until I had taken seven bottles. I can honestly and truly say, I believe Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry saved my life.

MRS. MARY B. GOULD.

We are personally acquainted with Mrs Gould, assisted in taking care of her during her sickness, believe and know the above statement to be true.

MRS. P. C. PRESCOTT,
MRS. S. A. BACHELDER,
No. 1, Commercial Street.

Boston, Mass., Sept. 12, 1345.

None genuine, unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

Agents.—Abner Allen, Palmer Depot; Wm. N. Packard, Monson. 37

JUST PUBLISHED!

GREAT MEDICAL RE-PRINT!

First American, from the tenth English Edition.—Self-Management and cure of Pulmonary Consumption, and all diseases of the chest and lungs. By W. T. Buchan, M. D. of London, England. With a Portrait of the Author, and Engravings illustrative of the Anatomy of the Lungs.

Price only 25 Cents.

THIS work contains a brief and distinct description of the *Anatomy of the Chest and Lungs*—an outline of Dr. Buchan's *highly successful* method of treating Colds, Coughs, Asthma and Consumption—an account of his *new and powerful remedy*—and directions for *self-management and cure,* adapted to popular use.

It is the result of nearly twenty years' practice and experiment in the city of London, and the combined experience of the most learned Physicians and Surgeons of the age—forming a perfect Manual of medical knowledge and advice in relation to the anatomy of the Lungs, the signs, symptoms, treatment and cure of Pulmonary Complaints.

This Work and the treatment which it recommends, are held in the highest possible esteem in Great Britain, as the extracts from public journals, which are given in the appendix, will abundantly show. Dr. Buchan truly declares, that with this simple Guide, "*a consumptive patient may do more for himself than any ordinary physician can do, by any of the common methods of practice.*"

Published by D. F. BRADLEE, 130 Washington street, Boston, and sold by all the Booksellers and dealers in new publications in the United States.

Price 25 cents per copy—the usual discount to the trade.

AGENTS.—Palmer Depot, A. Allen; Northampton, W. Hillyer; Amherst, N. Fitch; Belchertown, H. A. Longley; Ware, L. Dimond; Barre, Woods & Co., and by the dealers in medicine generally. 12

DRS. WOOD AND BACHE,

Publishers of the United States Dispensatory, in Philadelphia, and Professors of Materia Medica and Pharmacy in the University of Pennsylvania, say, experience among regular practitioners would seem to have placed the efficacy of the Sarsaparilla beyond a reasonable doubt. Its most extensive and useful application is to the treatment of secondary diseases, and shattered state of the system which follows the imprudent use of mercury. There can be no doubt but it is one of the best Medicines now in use, particularly when it is mixed with the Extract of Tomatoes.

It is often said that all Medicine put up in this form is recommended to cure all complaints which flesh is heir to; but it is not so with this;—but I can recommend with the utmost confidence, and the experience of three or four years, the use of the Sarsaparilla and Tomato Bitters, and I do know that they are a most certain remedy for all complaints arising from impurities of the Blood, Disarrangement of the Digestive Organs, and Irregularities of the Bowels, and all Billious affections.

Agents.—Abner Allen, Palmer Depot; Wm. N. Packard, Monson. 37

Brighton Market.—*Monday Oct.* 26.

[Reported for the Daily Advertiser.]

At Market, 1300 Beef Cattle, 1100 Stores, 4500 Sheep, and 1150 Swine.

Prices—Beef Cattle—The prices obtained last week were fully sustained. We quote extra 5 25; first quality $5; second $4 50 a 4 75; third 3 a 4 25.

Working Oxen—Sales $50, $65, $70, $72, $82 and $85.

Stores—Two year old $10 a $15; three year old $16 a $28.

Sheep—Small lots at 1 42, 1 50, 1 71, 1 75, 1 88, 2 25 and 2 62.

Swine—Lots to peddle at 3 1-2 and 4 1-2c for Barrows; old Hogs 3 4c. At retail from 4 to 5 c.

MARRIAGES.

In Springfield, on the 18th inst., by Joseph Ingraham, Esq., Mr George W. Hunt, to Miss Amanda Boyington, both of S.

In Belchertown, Mr Haynes K. Starkweather, of the firm of Wilson & Starkweather of Northampton to Miss Martha M. Phelps.

DEATHS.

In this village Geo. A Polke, aged 32, formerly of Tolland, Ct.

In Southwick, Mrs Julia, wife of Mr John Gilmore, aged 28.

In Monson, Mr Amassa Blanchard, aged 38.

In So. Wilbraham, on the 11th, Mr Stephen Work, aged 57.

PHOTOGRAPHIC MINIATURE

Portraits.

MR. C. AMIDOWN, respectfully announces to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Palmer Depot, that he has taken Rooms for a short time in McGilvray's Block, next door to the Sentinel Office, where he is prepared to furnish Plain or Colored Miniatures in an exquisite and beautiful style, for a few days. Delay not, then, but embrace the present opportunity to secure one or more of these mementoes of life, which, under the trying circumstances of a final separation from friends, no price can purchase. Instruction given in the art.

Palmer Depot, Oct. 28, 1846.

NEW GOODS!

A LARGE and splendid assortment of Fall and Winter Dress Goods, to be found at the

NEW YORK CHEAP STORE,

on the *north side* of the railroad, at prices that cannot fail to suit the purchaser. All who are in want will do well to call before buying.

Also, a large lot of Boots and Shoes—the cheapest in town. 42tf CHARLES SMITH.

Wanted!

4 FIRST rate Tailoresses, to whom will be given steady employment and liberal wages.

J. M. CROSBY.

Thorndike, Oct. 27, 1846. 42-3t



Coffins.

THE undersigned since his commencement of business in this village, has frequently been under the necessity of working by night and upon the Sabbath, in order to make coffins, and to have them ready in due season for those who were intending to remove their deceased friends to their family or other burying grounds. He would therefore announce to the inhabitants of Palmer and vicinity, that he is now making and will keep constantly on hand a good supply of ready made coffins, of all sizes and descriptions, such as Cherry, Whitewood, Mahogany, &c., for the convenience of all those who may need. LEBBEUS C. SMITH.

Thorndike village, Oct. 20, 1846. 41

A GOOD

Farm for Sale.

THE subscriber wishing to change his business, offers the farm on which he lives for sale.—Said farm is situated in Palmer on the road leading from the old centre to Monson, 1 1-2 miles from the Depot, and 2 from Thorndike village; containing 120 acres of land; well watered and well divided into woodland, pasturing, mowing and tillage land, with a good orchard containing a great variety of fruit; two dwelling houses, three barns with other out buildings all in good order, mostly new; fences good and of the best kind.

Terms of payment may be had to suit almost any purchaser.

For further particulars enquire of the subscriber, or any one who knows the place.

H. U. SHERMAN.

Palmer, Oct. 21, 1846. 41-6t

Strayed

From the subscriber, on Friday the 16th inst. a 3 year old red steer, a little brindled round the head, horns pitch forward with balls on. Whoever will return said steer or give information where he may be found, shall be suitably rewarded.

SILAS BILLINGS.

Palmer, Oct. 22, 1846. 41-2t

Copartnership.

THE subscribers having entered into a Copartnership under the firm of A. ALLEN & BROTHERS, and have taken the store formerly occupied by Abner Allen, and are now receiving a large and well selected assortment of Goods from N. York and Boston markets, consisting in part of Fancy, Dry and West India Goods, Crockery, Glass and Hard Ware, to which they would invite the attention of the public to an examination, as they will be sold on the most favorable terms for Cash or Farmers' Produce.

They would also take this opportunity to say, that they have come to the conclusion that they will sell no more ardent spirits at their store, except for medicinal purposes.

ABNER ALLEN,
EPHRAIM ALLEN,
JOHN ALLEN.

ABNER ALLEN, thankful for past favors so liberally bestowed on him — would solicit a continuance of the same, and most respectfully calls on all those indebted to him either by Note or Book account, to call and settle the same immediately.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Palmer and the neighboring towns, that he has recently opened a shop at Palmer Depot, for the manufacture of

Grave Stone & Monument Work,

keeping constantly on hand marble of different qualities, from the highly polished Italian to the cheapest Berkshire; and would say to those who may wish for any thing in his line, that by calling at his shop he will furnish them with any quality or pattern they may want. Work warranted as good as the best, and prices as low as the lowest.

A. FAIRFIELD, (formerly did business in Northampton.)

Palmer Depot, Oct. 8, 1846. 39-3t

Boot & Shoe STORE.

JUST arrived at CHAUNCEY CONVERSE'S Shoe Store, in Three Rivers, a little the largest and best selected assortment of Boots and Shoes, that can be scared up in town, among which are Men's thick Kip and Calf Boots, Brogans and Shoes; Boy's thick Kip and Calf Boots, Brogans and Shoes. Also, Ladies' Gaiters and half Gaiters, Calf and Kid Bootees, Buskins, Welts and Pumps of all kinds and qualities. Also, children and youth's Bootees and Shoes of various kinds. Rubbers, of all kinds, constantly on hand.

All who will favor me with a call, before purchasing elsewhere, shall be satisfied that I am determined to sell as cheap as the cheapest, and as good as the best.

N. B.—Grain, Hides and Cash taken in exchange for Boots and Shoes.

CALVIN HITCHCOCK, Agent.

Palmer, (Three Rivers,) Oct. 15, 1846. 41-3t

Watches.

BRING on those WATCHES and have them put in good repair. Remember that for the few cents you will pay for the work you will receive a hundred per cent. in consequence of having a good timekeeper. Remember also, that *time* is money, therefore do not delay. Shop nearly opposite the Bank.

L. BABCOCK.

Ware Village, Oct. 20, 1846. 41-2m

DR. A. G. WHITE,

—OFFERS HIS SERVICES AS—

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

To the citizens of Palmer and vicinity.

(Office—at Three Rivers, near the Post Office.)

Palmer, (Three Rivers,) Oct. 25, 1846. 42

REMOVAL.

C. TORREY, Counsellor at Law.

HAS removed to A. N. Dewey's new building, South of the Rail Road.

OFFICE, up stairs, opposite Sentinel office

C. T., is Commissioner to take Depositions, and the Acknowledgment of Deeds in Massachusetts, for use and record in New Hampshire.

Palmer Depot. July 1, 1846. tf 25

B. B. WHITTEMORE,

Attorney & Counsellor at Law,

OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Post Office,

24tf PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

J. D. BARBER,

Fashionable Tailor,

PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

Garments made in the best style and warranted to fit.

Particular attention is paid to cutting where the Garment is to be made out of the shop.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 12, 1846.

A. BLODGETT,

Watch Maker and Jeweler,

3 DOORS WEST OF THE PALMER HOTEL,

North side of the Railroad,

PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

Watches and Clocks of all kinds carefully repaired and warranted.

STANTON'S EXTERNAL REMEDY,

—CALLED—

HUNT'S LINIMENT,

IS NOW UNIVERSALLY ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE

The Infallible Remedy

For Rheumatism, Spinal Affections, Contraction of the Muscles, Sore Throat and Quinsey, Issues, Old Ulcers, Pains in the Back and Chest, Ague in the Breast and Face, Tooth-Ache, Sprains, Bruises, Salt Rheum, Burns, Croup, Frosted Feet, and all Nervous Diseases.

THE TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS

Which has attendeded the application of this most

WONDERFUL MEDICINE

In curing the most severe cases of the different diseases above named,—and the high encomiums that have been bestowed upon it, wherever it has been introduced, gives me the right to call on the

THE AFFLICTED

to resort at once to the

ONLY REMEDY THAT CAN BE RELIED ON.

From the New York Mirror.

HUNT'S LINIMENT.—This invaluable Remedy of the many "ills that flesh is heir to," continues to shed its untold benefits upon all classes of society. We have seen a Certificate from some of the most respectable, intelligent, and influential citizens of Westchester, where the Proprietor resides, who are above all attempts to mislead the public in reference to any medicine, remedy, or preparation; and as this testimony is at once spontaneous and uniform in commending this truly excellent Medicine for Rheumatism, and various other diseases named in the advertisement, there can no longer be a reasonable doubt entertained of its extraordinary success and triumph over the maladies in question.

Sing Sing, May 13, 1845.

We, the undersigned, do certify that we have used Mr George E. Stanton's External Remedy, called HUNT'S LINIMENT, and have proved it to be fully equal to the character he gives it. Its healing properties are truly extraordinary; and we most confidently recommend it as one of the most certain external remedies that has yet been discovered.

Caleb Roscoe, Editor Westchester Herald.
Albert Lockwood, Judge Court Common Pleas.
James Locke, the extensive Horticulturist.
James B. Swain, Editor H R. Chronicle.
M. Churchill, Principal of the celebrated Boarding School for Boys.
Samuel F. Reynolds, Supreme Court Commissioner.
R. R. Voris, District Attorney.
Theodosius Clark, Pastor Methodist Episcopal Church.
Robert Wiltse, late agent M. P. State Prison.
Aaron Ward, late Member of Congress.
Munson I. Lockwood, Clerk of the County.
Wm. H. Peck, agent M. P. State Prison.
B. C. Morse, Pastor of the Baptist Church.

Benjamin Moore,	Samuel Trowbridge,
Abraham Kipp,	Pierre Van Cortlandt,
Stephen Marshall,	Abraham Miller,
John Strang,	Gilbert Martin,
Philip G. Van Wyck,	Edmund M. Blunt,

Benjamin Washburn.

☞ The following shows a case of Rheumatism cured with only one bottle of Hunt's Liniment.—The letter is addressed to Mr Stanton:

Yorktown, June 16, 1845.

SIR,—Having cured me of a severe attack of Rheumatism, which had rendered me almost helpless, and at the same time made me suffer great pain, I would offer my testimony in favor of the great properties which your External Remedy, Hunt's Liniment is possessed of. I only used one bottle, and with that I consider I have been saved from a protracted and severe illness. I am now attending to my business regularly, which is that of a farmer. Your obedient serv't.

OLIVER VAN CORTLANDT.

This Liniment is sold at 25 and 50 cents per bottle, by all the Principal Druggists and Merchants throughout the country.

Wholesale Agents in New York.

Hoadley, Phelps & Co., 142 Water street; Rushton & Co., 110 Broadway; A. B. & D. Sands, corner Fulton and William; Aspinwall, 26 William street.

Orders addressed to me at Sing Sing, N. Y., will be attended to.

GEO. E. STANTON, *Proprietor.*

Sing-Sing, Dec. 17, 1845.

AGENTS.—G. W. Callener, East Longmeadow; Samuel Leach, Wilbraham; Shaw & Chapman, So. Wilbraham; Norcross & Converse, Monson; J. C. Royce & Co. Wales; Andrews & Merrick, Brimfield; D. F. McGilvray & Co. Palmer Depot.

Prospectus of the Weekly Paper.

A CHANCE FOR GRATIS COPIES.

The Post Office of any town in the Union, from which we shall receive the greatest number of subscribers according to the population, to the "Weekly Paper," during the year between the 1st of Sept., 1846, and the first of September, 1847, (the papers to be mailed to such Post Office, or to subscribers through it,) shall be entitled to a continuance of the whole number of subscriptions, gratuitously, for one year after the expiration of the year for which their subscriptions have been paid.

The papers will be continued on, either to the subscribers themselves, or to the agents through whom we may receive the orders for quantities, and to whom the package or packages may be directed, or to both, if there should be both in the same town as the case may be. ☞ Here's a chance.

In order to facilitate the formation of Clubs to accomplish the above object with greater ease, we have adopted the following very liberal

TERMS PER YEAR.

1 Copy	$1 25	34 Copies	$25
5 "	$5	42 "	30
12 "	$10	50 "	35
20 "	$15	75 "	50
27 "	$20	150 "	$100

An extra copy is given with every Club of five or Twelve, and in that ratio, no matter how great the number of Copies ordered.

All letters must be addressed, post paid, (or the money forwarded through the Postmaster,) to

A SCOTT, Publisher,
No. 115 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

New Arrangement!

THE subscriber has completed his store which is 88 by 40 feet, and is filling the same with new and desirable Goods, which will constitute the largest stock of the kind in the county, consisting of Hard Ware, Iron and Steel, W. I Goods, Flour, Salt, Grain. Dry Goods in a great variety truly worthy the attention of all. Carpetings, Crockery, Glass and China Ware in first rate styles and unprecedented low prices. Feathers of all kinds, &c.

People from a distance coming to this place to trade, will not have it to say that my advertisement is larger than my stock. Please give me a call and you shall be well treated. All Goods not proving as represented as to quality and price, can be returned and the money refunded.

D. F. McGILVRAY

Depot Store.

Shawls! Shawls!!

CASHMERE and other Shawls having depreciated in price recently, the subscriber will sell them at astonishing low prices. McGILVRAY.

Depot Store.

THE subscriber has just received a large addition to his extensive stock of Gent's Thin Boots and Ladies' Shoes, which he is selling at remarkably low prices.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

GOOD NEWS TO

Purchasers!!

AT PALMER DEPOT.

BEING aware that the readers of most of the newspapers at the present day, are called upon by merchants to notice particularly something they have to say about their MERCHANDIZE WARE-ROOMS, their great facilities for purchasing and selling goods, their very superior advantages over others in the same kind of business; and believing that the misrepresentations made by many have excited suspicions with the greater part of the candid members of the community, that all is not gold that shines, and that all is not true that is said; the subscriber wishes to inform the people of this section of the country of some things that may prove mutually beneficial, and I shall consider myself responsible for all assertions, so if they are untrue, I trust my customers and those who favor me with a call will report favorably, or adverse as the conclusion they may arrive at will dictate after an examination. I have just made an addition to my store of 48 feet in length, which makes the whole Block to be occupied for the Mercantile business 88 feet long, and the greater part of it 40 feet wide. The 1st apartment to be filled with

HARD-WARE,

Iron and Steel, Nails, Carpenters' Tools, Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Dye Woods, Window Glass, and such other articles in this line of business as are usually wanted. The next will be devoted to the

W. I. GOODS,

Flour, Lime, Salt, Pork, Lard and Tea business. The 3d room contains probably as large if not the largest assortment, and as desirable a stock of European and Domestic Goods as ever offered in the county, consisting of nearly every thing in the way of

DRESS GOODS,

Cloakings, Shawls, Silks, White Goods, Laces, Muslins, Damask Goods, Prints, Patches, Tickings, Sheetings, Bleached & Brown; Burlaps, Hosiery, Hdkfs., Scarfs, Fringes, Satchels, Shoes, Umbrellas, and in connection are the small but important articles which the reader is aware are kept in an establishment like the present one. My extensive quantity of Cloths for Gentlemen, Boys' and Children's wear, is, as a matter of course, worthy the attention of all, as they have mostly been purchased at the depreciated prices and are extremely low,—among them are splendid over Coatings, Tweeds, fine Eng., French and American Cloths, for Dress Coats, coarser grades for common wear, Satinets in great variety of styles and qualities, Vestings, Cassimeres, and trimmings to go with the cloths if desired.

Garments made to order in Style and with Despatch.

My CROCKERY,

CARPET

and Glass Ware addition to the before named Goods is truly attractive. The view and examination of which will undoubtedly satisfy the most incredulous that it is no fiction, to state I can sell beautiful

CHINA TEA SETTS,

with all things to match, together with all other Ware at as low a price as the same goods can be bought at retail, at any Crockery store in the Union.

Mirrors

in Gilt and Mahogany Frames, of a variety of sizes, at a small advance from manufacturers' prices. Glass Ware in any quantity desired, such as Preserve Dishes, Fruit Dishes, in many shapes, Sauce and Cup Plates, Salts, Castors, Tumblers, Solar and common Lamps, Candelabras, Girondoles, Glass Candlesticks, Lanterns all sizes, and an assortment of Toys and Fancy articles. In the same room are CARPETINGS from the lowest to the best grades, which will be sold extremely low; Rugs of various sizes and prices; Wool & Cotton Bockings, Oil Cloths, Stair Carpets and Rods, &c. My stock of FEATHERS will suit all classes of purchasers, being made of best Live Geese down to common Hen's Feathees. In addition to the previously mentioned articles I keep, are the seasonably and desirable things wanted which would properly come under the head of MISCELLANEOUS,—Buff Robes, Fur Skins, Muffs, Winter Gloves, Boots, Shoes, Brogans, Hats, Caps, Horse Blankets, and many articles besides which can be understood easier than expressed.

I have in the foregoing given an idea of my establishment, and would now ask the *favor* of the purchasing community to call and examine and see if these things are so, and hope that our treatment in every respect to those who call will be perfectly satisfactory. I have thus far had many customers from quite a distance, and trust I shall have an increase for time to come, as my inducements at present are greater than previously, and I will assure that portion of my trade, that their most sanguine anticipations shall not be disappointed. I know that my situation in business is as favorable for my customers and myself, as any other person's. I will briefly give my reasons. In the 1st place I intend to purchase as low as possible, in large quantities. My means for getting Goods to my Store incurs as little expense as almost any Store from Boston to Albany. My assortment is as great as that of any store on the Western Railroad, if not in the county. My rents are very light compared with those in Spaingfield or Worcester, or any large place. My outgoes for Clerks for the business I do, is much less than those of concerns where they deal in but one kind of goods. And lastly, I do not intend to give over 3 months credit, making my business principally cash and exchange. To my former customers, I tender my thanks for past patronage and influence, and hope they will continue to favor me so long as I merit their favor.

D. F. McGILVRAY,

Palmer, Depot Store.

POETRY.

From the Bangor Gazette.

The School-Mistress.

Beside an unfrequented road
The rustic school-house stood—
Its modest front and moss grown roof,
Half hidden by the wood.
Around its latticed windows clung
Sweet flowers and fragrant vines,
And just in front—like sentinels—
Grew two protecting pines.

Few travellers ever passed that spot,
But stopped awhile, to gaze
Upon a scene that brought to mind
Their happy school-boy days.
And none e'er turned away, but left
A blessing and a prayer
For both the teacher and the taught
Who daily gathered there.

It was my lot one summer morn,
To journey o'er this road,
And there for full an hour or more,
I rested with my load.
One after one, across the fields,
The tidy children ran,
Ambitious to secure their seats
Before the school began.

A score of faces, bright and clean,
Soon gathered at the door—
A happier group I've not seen since,
And never saw before.
The merry shout—the ringing laugh,
With music filled the air—
And my sad heart forgot its griefs,
The sinless glee to share.

But soon a watchful child proclaimed
The mistress near at hand,
And murmurs of delight were breathed,
Throughout that little band.
I'll ne'er forget that lovery face—
I see it yet in dreams—
And ever to my spirit's eye
An angel face it seems.

As rapidly she pressed the turf,
And passed the easy stiles,
Her glowing cheek and rosy lips
Were wreathed with radiant smiles.
Amid her charge at last she stood—
Each answered to her call;
Her usual greeting then I saw—
A kiss for one and all.

This o'er, she led them in, and soon
Low murmurs filled the air;
I listened, breathless and in awe,
To her impressive prayer.
The sweet "Amen" the children said,
And then a hyma they sung—
And then I heard the studious hum
From every busy tongue.

I trust I was a better man
When I resumed my way
And never shall my heart forget
The lesson of that day.
O God! on that young teacher's head
Let thy best gifts descend;
As she to those young, sinless souls,
Be thou to her a friend!

To Miss---, of---.

Oh! that I had seen thee never,
Or that I might love thee ever;
But the Fates between us show
Barriers I can ne'er o'erthrow.
Yet, in secret, may I love thee,
Tho' my sighs may never move thee;
And that love I'll fondly cherish,
Till love and I together perish—
Openly I'll love thee never,—
Yet I'll love, and love forever.

By thine eye of sunny brightness,—
By thy teeth of pearly whiteness,—
By the ringlets of thy hair,—
By thy face so passing fair,—
By thy lip of ruby-glow,—
By thy neck—like new fall'n snow,—
By thy heart, as pure as heaven,
Openly I'll love thee never,—
Yet I'll love, and love forever.

By my fondest hopes of heaven,—
By my heart by sorrow riven;—
By those moments passed with thee,—
Such as I no more shall see;—
By that gloomy hour of parting,
When tear-drops from mine eyes were staring;
By all life's pleasures, all its care,
To thee I fervently will swear,
Openly, to love thee never—
Secretly, to love thee ever.

HUMOROUS.

Prudent Stipulation.—An elderly maiden lady, with a pride about being dependent upon weather relations, retired daily to her chamber to pray for a comfortable competency, which she always explained in these words, with a more elevated voice—"And lest, O Lord, thou shouldst not understand what I want, I mean four hundred a year, paid quarterly."

A Disappointment.—A country lad went to London to see the king. On his return home, he was asked if the sight answered his expectations. "Loch!" said the clod-hopper, "I was never so disappointed in all my life! Why, his arms were all the world like the arms of us common men; and I wish I may die if I hav'nt heard a thousand times, that the arms of the king were a *lion* and *a unicorn*.

A Mistake Corrected.—An orator holding forth in favor of "woman, dear, divine woman," concluded thus: "O, my hearers, depend upon it, nothing beats a good wife." "I beg your pardon," replied one of his auditors, "a bad husband does."

"Ah, John, my uncle has been in New York, and yourn haint." "Well, what of that—my uncle has been in jail, and yourn hain't."

AGRICULTURAL.

Agricultural Chemistry.

No manure can be taken up by the roots of plants unless water is present; and water or its elements exists in all the products of vegetation. The germination of seeds does not take place without the presence of air or oxygen gas.

Plants are found on analysis to consist principally of charcoal and æriform matter. They give out by distillation volatile compounds, the elements of which are pure air, coally matter, inflamable air, and azote, or the elastic substance which forms a part of the atmosphere, and which is capable of supporting combustion. These elements they gain either by their leaves from the air, or by their roots from the soil.

All manners from organized substances contain the principles of vegetable matter, which, during putrefaction, are rendered either soluble in water or æriform,—and in these states they are capable of being assimilated to the vegetable organs. No one principle affords the pabulum of vegetable life; it is neither charcoal, nor hydrogen, nor azote, nor oxygen, alone; but all of them together, in various states and various combinations.

Plants require only a certain quantity of manure; and excess may be detrimental, and cannot be useful.

Slaked lime was used by the Romans for manuring the soil where fruit trees grew. This we are informed by Pliny.

Nothing is more wanting in agriculture than experiments in which all the circumstances are minutely and scientifically detailed. This art will advance with rapidity in proportion as it becomes exact in its methods.

Discoveries made in the cultivation of the earth are not merely for the time and country in which they are developed, but they may be considered as extending to future ages, and as ultimately tending to benefit the human race; as affording subsistence for generations yet to come; as multiplying life, and likewise preparing for its enjoyments.

Potatoes in general afford from one-fifth to one-seventh of their weight of dry starch.

One-fourth part of the weight of the potato, at least, may be considered as nutritive matter.

The principal consumption of the carbonic acid in the atmosphere seems to be in affording nourishment to plants; and some of them appear to be supplied with carbon chiefly from this source. Carbonic acid gas is formed during fermentation, combustion, putrefaction, and a number of operations taking place upon the surface of the earth; and there is no other process known in nature by which it can be destroyed than by vegetation.

It is usual to carry straw that can be used for no other purpose to the dunghill, to ferment and decompose; but it is worth experiment, whether it may not be more economically applied when chopped small by a proper machine, and kept dry till it is ploughed in for the use of a crop. In this case, though it would decompose much more slowly, and produce less effect at first, yet its influence would be much more lasting.

Manures from animal substances in general require no *chemical* preparation to fit them for the soil. The great object with the farmer is to blend them with earthly constituents in a proper state of division, and to prevent their too rapid decomposition.—*Ex. paper.*

Potato Flour.

Potato Flour is manufactured in England and Ireland, which contains not only the starch but all the ingredients of the tuber, except the skin and cuticle. The potatoes are washed, sliced, dried thoroughly, ground, and sifted through a bolt or seive. One hundred pounds of potatoes yield from 27 to 30 pounds of flour.—This article is said to be 60 per cent. more nutritious for man or beast than superfine wheat flour. It ferments with yeast and makes fair bread. Experiments have been made which show that a given number of acres of land cultivated in potatoes will yield four times more flour from this crop than can be obtained from wheat. It is not stated how well or long potato flour will keep; probably as long as any other, for the vegetable matter is kiln-dried.—By this operation all danger from rotting is removed, and this most valuable root or tuber can be preserved like wheat or beans for an indefinite period.

Soot as a Manure.—The great value of soot as a manure may be very rapidly conceived from the following analysis, by which it will be seen that it comprises alike the elements of nutritive and mineral manures.

Geine	30.70
Extractive matter and nitrogen	20.
Carbonate of lime and traces of magnesia	14.66
Acetate of Lime	5.65
Sulphate of Lime	5.
Phosphate of lime and iron	1.50
Acetate of Potash	4.10
Muriate of Potash	.36
Acetate of Ammonia	.20
Acetate of Magnesia	.53
Silex	.95
Carbon	3 85
Water	12.50
	100.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Ancestry.

It often occurs to me while reading the history of past events,—of revolutions, battles, intrigues, persecutions and the wonderful events, that have been acted upon the theatre of the world, in ages long since gone by, that some of my forefathers were living at the time, and might be engaged in those actions which we admire, or in those deeds of death which we abhor. In the persecutions of christianity some of them were probably sufferers, and others, like St. Paul before his conversion, thinking to do God service by throwing them into prison or binding them to the stake. Some were roasting in the flames, while others were heaping faggots on the fire. How many of my ancestors fell in the Crusades? How many in the civil wars? How many have died in prison?—How many have sat on thrones? Some were priests and some rogues, some saints and some sinners, some rich and some beggars. I read of a Warrior or a Statesman, great and powerful, good and immortal: it may be he is an ancestor of mine. He too, disgraced the earth a thousand years ago—whose hand was crimsoned with innocent blood, treacherous and malicious, cold, cowardiy, and cruel, was perhaps another. I may be lineally related to those who while they live on earth were deadly enemies. They and their quarrels are dead together, while their descendants are united in peace.

Whether these excursions of fancy into the abyss of the past are of real utility, every one must judge for himself. But when we consider the vast number of our progenitors, their different actions, characters, and stations in life, the common stock of all mankind, and their common end. One must be "either fool or mad" to think himself superior to his fellow men, merely on account of his birth and hereditary honor.

We all came into the world alike, are formed by the same hand, preserved by the same power, are endowed with the same faculties, have the same passions, propensities, and appetites, travel the same road, and sink alike into the arms of death.

Nature makes no distinction between the Prince and the slave. They are born helpless and defenceless, dependant for support on the mercies of man. Their paths in life may be different: one may be favored of fortune, live in luxury and riot in pleasure while the other is depressed by poverty and made to drink deep of the bitter cup of misery, but Death levels the *distinctions between them, and destroys* with ease, the joys of the prince, and the sorrows of a slave. Then, though the former be buried in state, and the marble monument stands over his tomb, to tell his name to posterity, while the latter sinks silently into the grave, disregarded, unwept and unknown, they meet together, equal as when they entered the world, before the tribunal of a Judge, who beholds, with equal regard, the trappings of loyalty, and the rags of beggary, and judges not by appearances but by the heart.

Laboring too Much.

People do not have relaxation enough in New England. They too generally have a care worn expression, from infancy to age; and the fact cannot be denied that anxiety is a weariness to the flesh.—We are all utilitarians in this country, especially in the Northern States, hardly affording ourselves opportunity for eating or sleeping in the manner which labor demands—for she can only conduct her chemical operations properly, and readjust the deranged vital machinery, while we are quietly slumbering. We recruit ourselves and grow fat during a refreshing day—but exhaust the system, both physically and mentally, in pursuing to excess the ordinary round of every day business.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is proverb based on a profound knowledge of the laws of our being. Females, in New England are worse off than the other sex in the deprivation of out door relaxation, as custom has made it vulgar to breathe the fresh air of Heaven, unless it is done in a lady-like manner.—Hence they make feeble mothers—thin, sallow, lank, and die by thousands, prematurely, of diseases that never would have been developed had there been less education of the mind and more of the body, in girlhood.

A sad mistake is produced by a too implicit belief in the adage "time is money," since the first object of pursuit is, in consequence, made to be cash. Those who attempt to rest reasonably from their labors, at proper periods, are either afraid of not having enough or are perpetually reminded that idleness ends in want. So the shuttle flies faster than it ought to go; the farmer cheats himself out of all that is worth having, health, by denying himself and his boys a holiday, because time is money and example is every thing; merchants in cities toil for the immediate benefit of thieves and paupers—paying taxes in proportion to their income—and leave the world unsatisfied having never found themselves ready to rest and take comfort. We work too much and too long in New England.—*Medical Journal.*

UNRIVALLED FAMILY MEDICINE.

Norman's Peruvian Bitters: or *VEGETABLE RESTORATIVE ELIXIR.*

ARE a mild and sure remedy for all diseases arising from a deranged or unhealthy condition of the stomach and digestive organs—such as dyspepsia or indigestion, jaundice, sour stomach, headache, dizziness, loss of appetite, diarrhœa, dysentery, flatulence, morning sickness, pains in the side, back or limbs, drowsiness after eating, an under determination of blood to the head, faintness, piles, liver complaint, and general debility.

The Peruvian Bitters are likewise particularly calculated for females, to remove obstructions and restore nature in a sure and salutary manner; and also for curing the various kinds of humor which affect the body externally. Their operation is mild, but effectual causing no griping, or disagreeable feeling; they stimulate the vessels of the intestines, whereby they cleanse the whole alimentary canal and remove from the stomach and bowels the various impurities which are constantly collecting around them—they most effectually cleanse, purify, and promote a fresh and brisk circulation of the blood; renovate the diseased and languid organs of the system, bring nature into its legitimate channel, and restore health and cheerfulness to the desponding invalid.

One great advantage that the Peruvian Bitters have over any other remedy yet discovered, in the above complaints, is, that in restoring every function to its proper order, they do not reduce the system, so that tonics are required, but may be taken with perfect safety at any time, without particular attention to diet or exercise, as they aid the stomach in digesting its food, and enable the patient to prosecute his ordinary business with renewed energy.

Orders for the Peruvian Bitters in any quantity, addressed to A. BLODGETT, Palmer Depot, will be promptly attended to.

For sale also, by H. G. Hale, Thorndike; E. Bond, Bondsville; A. Shumway, Three Rivers; Wm. Sigourney, Wilbraham No. Village; R. R. Wright, Wilbraham; Wm. N. Packard, Norcross & Converse, Monson; Wm. Olmsted & Co. No. Factory, and Hale & Olmsted, So. Factory, Monson; Andrews & Merrick, Brimfield; A. Blair, Warren; H. M. Bolton, Stafford (Furnace Village.) 22

Thorndike, Aug. 1846.

LEBBEUS C. SMITH. 31-3m

FURNITURE & CHAIRS!

Of every description, superior workmanship and latest style, may be found at SMITH'S NEW CABINET SHOP and

Furniture Warehouse

THORNDIKE. The rest of the story may be told in a few words. The undersigned has established himself at the above place, where he is endeavoring to acquire a reputation for manufacturing good work, which he is determined to sell cheap, cheaper, cheapest, for cash only. His arrangements are such that he cannot be undersold, either in this vicinity, Springfield or Worcester, and respectfully invites those in want of any thing in his line, to give him a call and satisfy themselves with regard to the truth of the above statement.

FASHIONABLE

Tailoring Establisment!

L. A. BAILEY,

HAVING taken great pains to procure the most approved FASHIONS for the coming season, is now prepared to manufacture Garments of every style in the best manner at the lowest rates, and at the time specified.

Cutting done at Short Notice

and full and ample directions given in regard to making, and a

FIT WARRANTED.

The subscriber feeling grateful for the very liberal patronage heretofore extended to him, hopes by unremitting attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same. L. A. BAILEY.

Palmer Depot, Sept. 2, 1846, 34.

To Builders

AND OTHERS!!

THE subscriber is now prepared to furnish all kinds of Lumber at the Albany price, with the addition of freight. Purchasers are invited to call and learn prices and examine quality before purchasing. The Lumber Yard is near the depot store.

N. B. A large lot of Yellow and White Pine, nd Spruce Flooring, all ready for laying on hand.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

Public Notice.

THE subscriber will pay at his Store in Goods at *cash prices*, twenty dollars per thousand for Walnut and White Oak Hoop Poles, 14 feet long, large enough for two hoops. The poles to be delivered at the Hoop Factory near the Depot.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

Palmer Depot, Sept. 28, 1846. 38-3m

STRAW CUTTERS.

HOVEY'S PATENT SPIRAL

STRAW CUTTERS. Also a good assortment of

WORCESTER PLOWS,

for sale at E. TENNEY'S, about one-half mile east of Palmer Depot, 35-3t.

PHILO L. SMITH,

CARRIAGE MAKER.

Light Wagons and Carriages,

OF the latest and most fashionable patterns, made to order at the shortest notice and on *reasonable terms*. Warranted of the best quality in every respect.

Also, Painting, Trimming and Repairing of every variety, done with neatness and despatch.

Those who wish to purchase or order carriages, are respectfully invited to give me a call before purchasing elsewhere.

Palmer Depot, Oct. 13, 1846. 40

Oysters.

THE subscriber has made arrangements for a constant supply of fresh Oysters, forwarded daily from New Haven by railroad express, which he will sell in quantities to suit customers at the lowest prices.

Tavern keepers, and persons buying to sell again, supplied on liberal terms.

Orders from abroad will be promptly attended to, and the *Goods* forwarded at short notice.

A. BLODGETT.

Palmer Depot, Oct. 15, 1846.

A FEW pieces more of those Black German Cloths, which have given so good satisfaction just received and for sale at the depot store.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

Gentlemen

CAN be acommodated with a cheap article of Boots, Brogans and Shoes, at

McGILVRAY'S.

DR. TAYLOR'S

BALSAM OF LIVERWORT!

FROM 375 Bowery New York, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Liver Complaint and Bleeding at the Lungs.

Read the following certificates.

NEW YORK, March 6, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—I am now connected with the Democratic Advocate, Williamsburg, and am happy publicly to state, for the information of every body, the wonderful effects of your *TAYLOR'S BALSAM OF LIVERWORT*, 375 Bowery, on myself. About five years since, all my acquaintances about me pronounced me to be past all hope of cure from fixed consumption, which seemed to mark me as a sure victim. I had a violent cough, for six months almost incessant, preventing me from sleeping more than half an hour at a time. I had profuse night sweats, violent pain in the side and chest, expectorated largely, was greatly exhausted, and reduced almost to a skeleton. I commenced using this medicine, and in three days I felt sure of being cured, I was so much relieved by it. In my case it acted like a perfect charm. I am entirely well, and I have recommended it to hundreds since, and cheerfully do advise most sincerely all persons affected with consumption by all means to use steadily *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, 375 Bowery, and, my word for it, they will be cured. I can be seen and referred to at any time, at the office of the Democratic Advocate, Wilmington, L. I.

Yours truly, A. N. CHAPIN.

Extract, dated Orange, N. J. March 1, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—About five years since I was taken with spitting of blood, with cough. The blood was bright red color. I had two attacks, and I was cured entirely by one bottle of *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, of 375 Bowery.

(Signed) ISAAC P. BALDWIN.

Sworn to before me, the 1st day of March, 1845.

H. C. TOWNER, Com. of Deeds.

Honesdale, Penn., April 22, 1845.

Dear Doctor.—This is to certify that I have been afflicted for a number of years with a disease of the lungs, which had reduced me to the verge of the grave. All medical aid proved unavailing, and owing to the weakness of my constitution, which age had materially impaired, felt that I could not much longer bathe the disease. At this time I was recommended to try Dr. Taylor's Genuine Balsam of Liverwort, from 375 Bowery. I did so, and by its efficacy can with safety say, I have been almost restored to health, as much so as the infirmities of old age would permit. All those who are afflicted with diseases of the Lungs and Liver, I would especially urge to avail themselves of this sovereign remedy. This certificate can be relied upon, and comes from one of the oldest inhabitants of this town.

JOHN GARRET.

The above certificate we have the pleasure to send you, with permission to publish.

Yours truly, J. & N. SNYDER.

N. B.—Price reduced. Large bottles, $1.00—small bottles, $.50.

Agents, D. F. McGilvray & Co., Palmer Depot; George Nye, Belchertown; W. N. Packard, Monson. 1y1

KOLMSTOCK'S VERMIFUGE.

THIS remedy for worms is one of the most extraordinary ever used. It effectually eradicates worms of every sort, from children and adults.

It cannot harm the smallest infant or the strongest adult. There is no mercury or mineral in it.—Mercury is the basis of most worm remedies; and the remedy is sometimes worse than the disease.—So never use lozenges, but rely upon this. Every person will be convinced on one trial, that it is the most perfect cure ever invented.

The immense sale that this vermifuge has, is a sure test of its value and the estimation in which it is held by families. It would be quite too expensive to publish a volume of certificates that have been given for this article, and the users of it are requested to spread the name to all persons whom they think may be benefitted by it.

We call on all good citizens to make known the effects of this wonderful remedy.

Remember and ask for *Kolmstock's Vermifuge*, the one that has become known to you through the advertisement should be used in justice to the proprietors.

STARTLING FACTS.

Hundreds of children and adults are lost every year with worms, when some other cause has been supposed to be the true one.

It is admitted by all doctors that scarce a man, woman or child exists but what are sooner or later troubled with this complaint.

Sold by COMSTOCK & ROSS, 19 Tremont Row, Boston—also, by ABNER ALLEN, Palmer Depot.

Cured of Piles.

"For five years I was afflicted with what the doctors told me were the Itching Piles. I had applied to several physicians, and used many medicines without any relief, till I used the Hay's Liniment, which I purchased of COMSTOCK & ROSS, No. 19 Tremont Row, which cured me before I had used all of one bottle. I was greatly relieved upon the first one or two applications. Most seriously do I urge upon the afflicted to use this remedy before all others. My object entirely in making my case public, is hoping I may benefit the afflicted sufferer.

EBEN THOMPSON, No. 4 Allston st.

Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot.

Connel's Magical Pain Extractor,

The great healing salve.—It seems hardly worth while that we should add our testimony to the overwhelming mass that has already been procured by that inestimable burn specific called Connel's Magical Pain Extractor—but we might as well say it exceeds any thing we ever heard of for the rapid and thorough cure of the following complaints, which have been tested in this city, viz.: burns, scalds, tender and sore feet, chilblains, wounds and old sores, bruises and cold in wounds, inflammation, salt rheum, rheumatism, erysipelas, sore eyes and nipples, eruptions and scrofula, chaps, and piles in their worst form. No family should be without this wonderful salve. Sold genuine at 19 Tremont Row, Boston. Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot.

Sarsaparilla.

Comstock & Co's Concentrated Compound Fluid Extract of Sarsaparilla, for the cure of scrofula, chronic rheumatism, general debility, cutaneous diseases, scaly eruptions of the skin, tetters, pimples on the face, mercurial and sipholoid diseases, dries from impure habits of the body, ulcerations of the throat, pains and swellings of the bones, liver affections, and all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood, exposure and imprudence of life, excessive use of mercury. The Sarsaparilla can be depended upon as being as good as any other in this country or Europe. This pure extract is put up in as large or larger bottles as any sold for one dollar, at the unprecedented low price of 50 cents per bottle, or $4 per dozen. Sold by Comstock & Ross, 19 Tremont Row, Boston. Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot. 21-3m.

The Naples Hair Dye,

Is warranted to impart to the hair a jet black, without either affecting its softness or strength, and without staining or in any way injuring the skin. It is perfectly innocent in its nature, and has no deleterious effects on the health, as is attested by the experience of those in the city who have used it.—An apprehension of its possessing injurious qualities, has alone deterred thousands from a valuable preparation which so much beautifies and adorns personal appearance. Sold at 19 Tremont Row, Boston. Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot.

Snuff & Tobacco,

OF the best quality for sale at the depot store, by McGILVRAY.

Paints, Oils & Glass,

ARE now selling at such prices at the depot store, that all who wish to purchase need not think of purchasing cheaper, at any place in the county. D. F. McGILVRAY.

CROCKERY, CHINA & GLASS

WARE, Paper Hangings, Feathers, Carpetings, and all kinds of Furnishing Goods, selling cheap at McGILVRAY'S.

Summer Goods,

SELLING off at great bargains, at the depot store to make room for Fall Goods.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

SUMMER GOODS selling cheap at McGILVRAY'S

BY THE QUEEN'S PATENT.

Triumphant success of

Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of life

The Great English Remedy for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, and Consumption!

THE most celebrated and infallible remedy, for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, or any form of Pulmonary Consumption, is the Hungarian Balsam of Life, discovered by Dr. Buchan of London, England, tested for upwards of seven years in Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe, and introduced into the United States, under the immediate superintendence of the inventor.

Dr Buchan is a distinguished philanthropist and Elder of the society of Friends, and member of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, celebrated for his valuable discoveries in the treatment of Scrofulous Consumption. The Hungarian Balsam is a purely vegetable compound, composed chiefly of a Hungarian Gum, of wonderful power in pulmonary diseases.

The astonishing success of the Hungarian Balsam, in the cure of every form of Consumption, warrants the American Agent in soliciting for treatment the worst possible cases that can be found in the community—cases that seek relief in vain from any of the common remedies of the day, and have been given up by the most distinguished physicians, as confirmed and incurable. The Hungarian Balsam has cured, and will cure, the most desperate of cases. It is no quack nostrum, but a standard English medicine, of known and established efficacy.

Every family in the United States should be supplied with Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of Life, not only to counteract the consumptive tendencies of the climate, but to be used as a *preventive medicine* in all cases of Colds, Coughs, spitting of Blood, Pain in the side and chest, irritation and soreness of the Lungs, Bronchitis, difficulty of breathing, Hectic Fever, Night sweats, Emaciation and General debility, Asthma, Influenza, Hooping Cough, and Croup.

In case of actual disease of the Lungs, or seated Consumption, it is the only source of hope.

Sold by McDonald & Smith, sole agents for the United Kingdom, at the Italian Warehouse, Regent street, London, in bottles and cases, for ships, hospitals, &c.

By special appointment—DAVID F. BRADLEE Boston, Mass. sole agent for the United States and British American Provinces.

American price, $1 per bottle, with full directions for the restoration of health.

Pamphlets, containing a mass of English and American certificates and other evidence, showing the unequalled merits of this Great English Remedy, may be obtained of the agents, gratis.

None genuine, without the written signature of the American agent, on a gold and bronze label, to counterfeit which is forgery.

J. S. HOUGHTON, 130 Washington street Boston, General agent for the New England States.

AGENTS.—Palmer Depot, A. Allen; Northampton, W. Hillyer; Amherst, N. Fitch; Belchertown, H. A. Longley; Ware, L. Dimond; Barre, Woods & Co., and by dealers in medicine generally. 11-1y

THE PILES!

A Cure for Life Guarantied!

DR. UPHAM'S INTERNAL REMEDY

For the Cure of Piles, Inflammation of the Liver and Spleen, Inflammation, Soreness and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder: Inflammatory and Mercurial Rheumatism; Impurity of Blood; Weakness and Inflammation of the Spine; and for the relief of Married Ladies.

THE Vegetable Pile Electuary, invented by Dr. A. Upham, a distinguished physician of New York city, is the only really successful remedy for that dangerous and distressing complaint, the Piles, ever offered to the American public.

Mark this: it is an *Internal Remedy*—not an external application, and will cure any case of Piles, either Bleeding or Blind, Internal or External; and probably the only thing that will. There is no mistake about it. It is a positive cure—*speedy and permanent*. It is also a convenient medicine to take, and improves the general health in a remarkable manner.

Each Box contains twelve doses, at 8 1-8 cts. per dose. It is very mild in its operation, and may be taken in cases of the most acute inflammation without danger. All external applications are in the highest degree disagreeable, inconvenient, and offensive; and from the very nature of the disease, temporary in their effects. This medicine attacks the disease at its source, and *removing the cause*, renders the cure *certain* and *permanent*.

INFLAMMATORY DISEASES.

Although the *Electuary* was originally prepared for the cure of Piles, yet it has proved itself to be a medicine far superior to all others, in all diseases of an Inflammatory character, with a determination of blood to any particular part or organ. In Inflammation and Congestion of the Liver and Spleen; Inflammation, Soreness and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder; in Inflammatory and Mercurial Rheumatism, it is the best medicine ever discovered.

Impurities of the Blood.—For all Impurities of the Blood, arising from the imprudent use of Mercury, or other causes; for all Diseases of the skin and Scrofulous affections; in all cases where the Blood is powerfully determined to the Head, producing dizziness and distress, Dr. Upham's *Electuary* is entirely unrivalled.

To Married Ladies.—Married Ladies are almost invariably subject to that painful and injurious disease, the Piles, with consequent Inflammation of the Stomach, Bowels and Spine, weakness of the Back, flow of Blood to the Head, &c. The Electuary is perfectly safe for Pregnant Ladies, and the most useful Cathartic that can possibly be used, as it will not only remove the Piles and all Inflammatory diseases, *without pain or irritation*, but will ensure an easy time, a safe delivery, and a sound constitution in the offspring.

Cure for Life Guarantied.—The Electuary contains *no Mineral Medicine*; *no Aloes, Colocynth, Gamboge*, or other powerful and irritating Purgative. No fear of taking cold while under its influence, no change in diet necessary. If taken according to the directions *a cure for life is guarantied*.

Pamphlets, giving valuable information respecting this medicine, may be obtained of agents, gratis.

J. S. HOUGHTON, 130 Washington street, Boston, General agent for the New England States.

AGENTS.—Palmer Depot, A. Allen; Northampton, W. Hillyer; Amherst, N. Fitch; Belchertown, H. A. Longley; Ware, L. Dimond; Barre, Woods & Co., and by dealers in medicine generally. 12

"Encourage the New Beginner."—FRANKLIN.

JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT

Mechanics' Hall, opposite the W. R. R. House.

The Subscribers having a large assortment of New and Fashionable Job Type in connection with

"The Palmer Sentinel,"

ARE PREPARED TO EXECUTE EVERY variety of JOB PRINTING, in the best manner and at the lowest prices,

—such as—

Books,	Programmes,	Circulars,
Catalogues,	Shop Bills	Blanks,
Pamphlets,	Tickets,	Cards, &c.

Being practical Printers, we shall give our personal and immediate attention to all work entrusted to our care, and faithfully endeavor to meet the wishes of our customers; we trust our exertions will meet with a liberal share of public patronage.

All orders sent by mail, or otherwise, will be punctually attended to at the shortest notice.

Business and Visiting Cards, with or without printing, constantly on hand, at the lowest prices.

F. P. WHITTEMORE. R. A. TENNEY.

N. H. Down's

Vegetable Balsamic Elixir,

AN almost sure relief for Lung Complaints.—Certificates of its superiority over most other Elixirs, can be seen at the subscriber's store—it needs no puffing. Invalids try one small bottle, then you will know its goodness. For sale by

D. F. McGILVRAY.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

ALL persons visiting this place are particularly invited to call and see my splendid stock of Goods, which is made of from the smallest and less important article to the largest and most desirable article, which is kept for sale in almost any establishment. Goods warranted to be what they are represented. D. F. McGILVRAY.